THE THEATRE

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AUGUST, 1914
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MISS HAZEL DAWN

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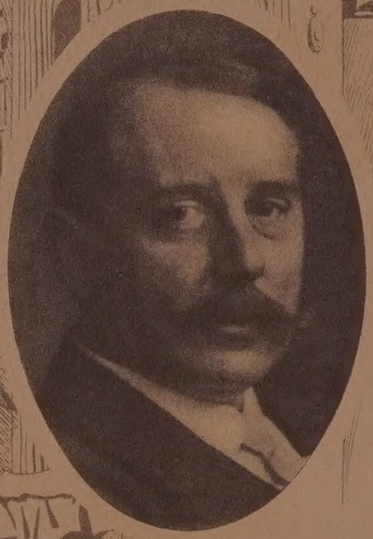

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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THE COVER:—Portrait in Colors of Miss Hazel Dawn

The colored portraits that appear on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. Hazel Dawn will star next season in a musical play called "The Débutante." Miss Dawn, whose real name is Tout, is a Mormon. Her father was a music teacher in Ogden, Utah. About ten years ago the family went to Europe and the four daughters settled down to serious musical training. On account of an accident, which resulted in a broken arm, Hazel Dawn was forced to temporarily give up the violin, on which she was a proficient performer. She secured an engagement to sing in musical comedy with George Edwardes, of the Gaiety Theatre, London. Her first appearance was in "Dear Little Denmark." Later she was seen in "The Balkan Princess" and "The Dollar Princess." It was Ivan Caryl, the composer, who suggested her for the title rôle in "The Pink Lady," and it was in this piece that she made her first appearance in America. After playing the title rôle in "The Pink Lady" for two seasons she was seen in "The Little Café."

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character, with that of the character represented.. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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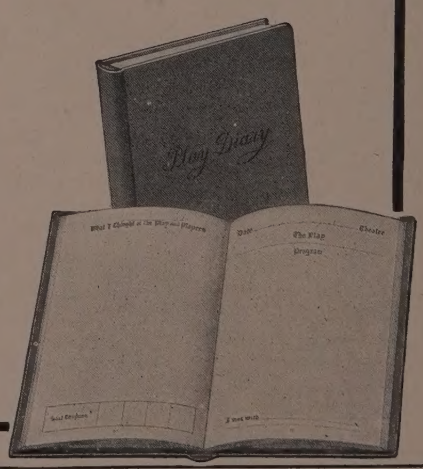

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THE THEATRE

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White

ALEXANDRA CARLISLE

This well-known actress, who recently played the leading part in "Driven" at the Haymarket Theatre, London, will play the leading feminine rôle in Charles Klein's new play, "The Money Makers," to be seen in New York early in September

"THE MOVIES"—TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

COMPARATIVELY a few years ago the moving-picture was projected upon a screen amid a blinding glare, and was viewed by the theatre-going public alone. To-day nearly one-fourth of each city's population throughout the land daily sit before a mute screen and worship pantomime mechanically perfect. From an incident in a few theatres, the pictures have developed into monopolies housed in their own buildings, and represent the most popular amusement in the world.

There is no diversion in existence for which an admission is charged, where one apparently receives so much for his money as in the picture-show. A nickel gives one an average performance of an hour and one-half, including music. And it is a poor person, indeed, who imagines he can not afford five cents for such a prodigal return on his investment! Coupled with the cheapness of the attraction is the universal appeal of love for excitement, crowds, and the desire to be amused; with the result that the audience represents absolute democracy. Here one finds rich and poor, old and young, white and black, good and bad—all under the hypnotic spell of the figures dancing upon the screen.

Some popular magazines, as distinguished from trade journals, are devoted to the "movies"; the daily press gives news space to accounts of current films and those appearing in them; and the names of many "movie" actors and actresses are now household words. In short, the moving-picture show, whether good or bad, is here—and here tremendously. It is obviously quite impossible for such a proposition to remain neutral in its influence

The question naturally arises, then, what is the public viewing that so compels its attention and wrests millions of dollars from it each month?

Three "services" control the moving-picture production activities in this country. The manufacturers belong to these delivery trusts and release only through the one to which they are attached. In addition, there are "feature-companies" that specialize on elaborate drama, comic and educational subjects; but their output is comparatively limited, and distributed through their own agencies. It is quite evident, therefore, that for whatever may be good or evil in the business, the local manager is entitled to neither credit nor discredit. He must take what the trusts give him, for they alone can supply his demands.

It may be interesting to note that, of two hundred and twenty-one pictures (pictures are shown in one, two, three, and even six reels), seen in nine different theatres, representing a week's run of films in each house, and the entire display in a city of sixty thousand, a careful study resulted in the following statistics:

Not objectionable melodrama, sixteen.
Objectionable melodrama, twenty-six.
Moral, sixteen.
Near-moral, ten.
Humorous, thirty.
Near-humorous, twenty-six.
Salacious, eighteen.
Depicting criminality, thirty-two.
Travel, eight.
Educational, eight.
Indifferent, seventeen.
Bad, fourteen.

The unobjectionable melodrama consisted of pathos and unoffending tense situations.

Objectionable melodrama, however, was different. In this type the most diabolical and ingenious methods were employed to sustain interest. Briefly, it was the "Relentless Rudolph" of comic fame portrayed in dead earnest viciousness. The effect upon the mature mind was one of decided agitation; and as these pictures were being run, one frequently heard exclamations that were by no means limited to the juvenile patrons.

Parents have no hesitation in permitting their children thus to view an intensified "Diamond-Dick" story, which is indelibly impressed upon their memories; yet if these same children would be caught reading a yellow-backed novelette, they would probably be severely reprimanded.

The moral type of picture was, of course, elevating; and usually began with a display of wickedness, showing the consequence, and subsequent reformation. Wholesome stories, also, were placed under this head.

Those styled near-moral were insidious, in that they attempted under the guise of morality to show pictures which better would have been left undisplayed. For example, a young man is shown passing through the entire category of crime. In three reels of fifteen minutes each, one is introduced to an overdrawn and suggestive pictorial tale of vice, when suddenly he is confronted with a "lead" which reads: "And it was all on account of this," which is followed by a picture of a whiskey flask. The flask was the "joker"—getting it past the censors; whereas, in reality this feature created little or no impression.

HUMOROUS: Entirely unobjectionable.

NEAR-HUMOROUS: Objectionable, not owing to their lack of laugh-producing qualities, but because the subject generating the laugh was either bad or suggestive. Thus, a humorous picture based upon the effects of alcohol or a poker game, presents crime from an amusing standpoint and thereby lessens the general respect for law, particularly in the growing mind.

SALACIOUS: These pictures showed suggestive evidences of passion, and were bad only in spots; but the spots generally were high-lights.

DEPICTING CRIMINALITY: Showed everything from petty larceny to murder. In eleven films there were actual murders, as distinguished from their suggestion. This type of picture offers ideas which youthful enthusiasm attempts to imitate. Many cases of juvenile delinquency are thus accounted for.

TRAVEL: Including pure travel and stories set in foreign countries, were thoroughly entertaining.

EDUCATIONAL: Showing industries and dealing with history, were interesting and instructive.

INDIFFERENT: Time-killers, non-classifiable—just pictures.

BAD: Objectionable, inasmuch as the subject matter was bad; for example, the life of an opium-eater or the white-slave traffic. They were frequently highly colored and overdrawn.

Thus it is to be observed, that, of the entire two hundred and twenty-one pictures, nearly two-thirds were either objectionable or of no real value. As the "services" are general, it is not unfair to say that the pictures above referred to represent the usual type displayed throughout the country. The conclusion is, that from a moral and elevating standpoint, the moving-picture show to-day is scarcely a success. Yet in the exploitation of crime and suggestive situations the moving picture does not stand alone; the so-called "high-class" vaudeville frequently presents criminal and prurient features as offending as the movie-show.

Speaking generally, many films are shown whose plots remind one of the musical-comedy story; they are fairy-tales for grown-ups and offend intelligence. Everything, in all pictures, is sacrificed to the one absolutely essential factor of successful pantomime; to wit, attention.

This fact was most forcibly illustrated by a picture showing the events leading up to the birth of Christ. A purer and more elevating theme could scarcely be employed. But the producers realized that the audience would likely become restive, and to save the picture, inserted a bacchanalian feast which

Photo Floyd

MARY PICKFORD

This popular young actress, who was seen in Belasco's production of "A Good Little Devil," is now starring again in the "movies"

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CARROLL McCOMAS
Who will play a leading rôle in Paul Wilstach's new play, "What Happened at 22"

disgusted a young man at the festivities—and quite logically—so that he turned away, walked into the deserted street, where he was beset by robbers and left to die. Suggestive and thrilling, certainly; but one carries away with him those scenes of revelry and near-murder almost to the exclusion of the other features. It is no concern of the manufacturers that oriental debauchery, highway robbery and personal violence are out of place in a holy theme. The people must be kept awake, attention must be held.

In addition to the pictures, there are other features of the picture-show that somewhat condemn it. Here it is that women and girls form objectionable acquaintances that frequently lead to bad results. Vice investigators generally have arrived at the conclusion that the picture-show often is an aid to the amateur and professional profligate.

Again, the very character of the amusement precludes sunshine; as an hygienic force it is lost in these places, and in lieu thereof disinfectants are used, at best a poor substitute. This complaint may be laid against the legitimate house, but the necessity for sun-cured air is there not so great; they are large auditoriums and, excepting the top gallery, accommodate a good class of patrons. On the other hand, the "movie"-theatre is small, patronized by all conditions of humanity, and frequently used for twelve hours at a stretch. Crowded and overcrowded, the atmosphere is never the best, and frequently the worst.

The moving-picture proposition, bad as it may be, is far from hopeless; on the contrary, it appears bright. This diversion is in a state of evolution. Time was when the audience was satisfied with pictorial necromancy, but they soon tired of that; they demanded at least a semblance of congruity with a limited, but no less certain, appeal to reason, which is its present status.

Reformers cry for rigid censorship, home influence and social centres; and if adopted these will undoubtedly accomplish a great amount of good, but in the last analysis what we really need is not these things, but *patience*.

The moving-picture problem will largely solve itself. Already audiences are tiring of the wild-west and crime-laden films; productions of this character, after all, can only follow general lines, and people will not much longer tolerate repetition. Complaints even now are frequent; and no one appreciates this better or more significantly than the producers themselves. Consequently, legitimate drama is being promoted for the "movies"; actors and actresses "of standing" are deserting the conventional stage for the screen; and able authors are being employed to write plays for depiction by the camera. Briefly, the "feature" film is rapidly arriving. Good plays and superior acting then will not be limited to those who can afford two dollars for a two-hour performance, but the same thing will be exhibited to all, rich and poor alike, at a poor man's price. And when this is realized, the worst phases of the proposition will vanish. Instead of the now isolated exhibitions that uplift and teach, the "movie"-show's influence as an educational factor will then be generally felt.

Moreover, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the scientific mind will in the near future solve the talking-picture problem—the last step in the evolution of this business. Decided improvement in this field has already been attained; and when its perfected state becomes an accomplished fact, the possibilities of the "movies" from the standpoint of amusement and education will be fully realized. Meanwhile, we must wait, and not condemn too harshly.

J. CLARENCE FUNK.

White

FANNIE WARD

This attractive actress will continue to play the title rôle in "Madame President" during the coming season

The Moscow Art Theatre

NEVER has the old adage "Great oaks from little acorns grow" been better exemplified than by the Moscow Art Theatre. Beginning as an amateur theatrical society without funds or wealthy members it has become in little more than a decade one of the foremost theatrical organizations in the world. Its home is perhaps the best equipped playhouse in Europe. And its productions are the most perfect given on any stage.

Although in Russia the Moscow Art Theatre is looked upon as the first theatre in the land it is almost unknown outside of the Czar's Empire except in Germany. Its company has only appeared in the leading cities of Russia and Germany. Moscow is so far off the beaten track of travel that few American writers on theatrical subjects have visited it. However, arrangements have been made for the appearance of the Moscow Art Theatre company in London in the fall in connection with the big Russian art and industrial exhibition which will be held at that time. The company is to alternate with the Imperial Russian ballet at the Drury Lane and its art will then receive attention from English critics for the first time. Naturally, as Russian is understood by so few people interested in the drama, the Moscow Art Theatre company can never create a world-wide sensation. Nevertheless, its influence is already so great that no one interested in theatrical affairs can afford to be ignorant of it.

EXTERIOR OF THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE

The Moscow Art Theatre was the first playhouse in the world to have a revolving stage. Prof. Max Reinhardt adapted the idea for the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin and later the idea was copied by the designers of the New Theatre in New York (now the Century Opera House). The Moscow Art Theatre now has a double-decked revolving stage which permits of even greater latitude in staging plays than heretofore. In fact, its stage equipment is unique in the theatre world. There is no direct lighting, the orchestra pit is under the stage and there are separate greenrooms for both sexes. In almost every respect the Moscow Art Theatre is the last word in theatre construction.

But it is in the conduct of the theatre and its productions that the Moscow Art Theatre claims our attention. It is a co-operative organization, being owned by thirty odd actors and actresses who appear on its stage. The entire organization consists of 360 men and women who devote their entire time to the artistic, financial and operating side of the playhouse. In addition to its two directors, who have practically equal responsibility, there is a governing board that passes on all important matters. After ten years' service an actor or actress becomes a shareholder, and there is a pension system for superannuated players as well as funds for cases of emergency. Every player is given ten weeks' vacation with pay—their services being contracted for by the year. Thus it will be seen that from the actors' standpoint the Moscow Art Theatre is about ideal.

Only three new productions are made each year. However, a repertory of twelve is given, former successes being repeated as often as the receipts warrant. At least three months are devoted to the preparation of each play. Consequently, only finished productions are given. While the theatre is the home of the Russian drama the dramas of other countries are not neglected. Shakespeare, Ibsen, Hauptmann are almost as much in evidence as Tolstoi, Gorky, Gogol and Tschechoff. This year, for instance, the three new productions are "The Possessed," a dramatization of one of Dostoevesky's novels; "Thought," a new drama, written especially for the Moscow Art Theatre, by Andrieff, and "La Lonandiera," by Goldoni. Among the principal repertory offerings are "Hamlet," staged by Gordon Craig; Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird"; "The Living Corpse," by Tolstoi, and "Three Sisters," a drama by Knut Hamsun. "The Merchant of Venice" and "Romeo and Juliet" have also been given in the theatre as well as several modern English dramas. However, during the fifteen years of its existence the Moscow Art Theatre has not given a play by an American author.

It is very difficult to obtain a seat for a new production at this unique theatre. For the first ten performances of each new play every seat is subscribed for—which, of course, gives the theatre working capital. The expenses of the organization are about $350,000 a year, but as its receipts are always over $400,000, it is very prosperous. However, it makes very little money in Moscow, where a full house represents only $1,500. Its season in Petersburg, where it plays in the Imperial Mikhailovsky Theatre (the Royal French Theatre) means $4,000 a night and in Kieff, Warsaw and Odessa it plays to enormous business.

Fortunately, I was able to get a seat for "The Possessed," the new Dostoevesky dramatization at the playhouse. I was warned to be in my seat at eight o'clock as no one is admitted to the auditorium after the play has begun. I arrived early in order to study the audience. One glance was sufficient to convince me that it was a gathering of "intellectuals." Not one person in the house was in evening dress, yet the orchestra chairs are from $1.50 to $2.50 apiece. And they are the most comfortable chairs I have ever known.

Promptly at eight o'clock the curtain rose, disclosing the interior of a Moscow home in the sixties. Scene followed scene with only the darkening of the auditorium for a moment while the stage was moved. Unlike other revolving stages it moved noiselessly. The acting was magnificent. The players on this stage strive to be natural. Although I did not understand a single word it was evident that M. Katchaloff, Madame Knipper (the widow of the famous Tschechoff) M. Moskwin and Mlle. Koreneff are artists. I expected an outburst of applause at the end of the act, but when the curtain fell the audience silently left their seats for the foyer-promenade. Applause is never accorded the artists at the Moscow Art Theatre. Curtain calls are never allowed. Realism and naturalness, above everything else, are striven for.

During the second act M. Stanislauski, one of the directors of the theatre, took me behind the scenes to see the double-decked revolving stage in operation. There I saw three Russian priests. Priests are not allowed to witness theatrical performances in Russia, but several of the leading churchmen in Moscow never fail to see all the productions at the Art Theatre—from behind the scenes. The equipment in every particular is most admirable, in short, a model institution.

K. K. K.

White

TAYLOR HOLMES AND ALMA BELWIN IN "THE THIRD PARTY," TO BE PRESENTED SHORTLY IN THIS CITY

The Real Richard Mansfield

PROBABLY no actor during his lifetime was more widely discussed or inspired more anecdotes regarding his character, temper and habits, than that most temperamental of stars, the late Richard Mansfield.

About midsummer of the year 1904, after I had had six months' experience playing leads and general utility with a cheap Western company, I came to the conclusion that the best thing was to join some good company, at no matter what salary, that I might gain experience which would help me in my chosen profession. I had Mr. Mansfield's company in my mind's eye, and, thanks to influence, I was soon on the roster of that famous actor's organization.

THE LATE RICHARD MANSFIELD

Mr. Mansfield's business manager, Mr. Ben Stevens, informed me that members would be notified by mail when to come to New York for rehearsals. In due time the notification came, and in September, 1904, all the members of the company gathered in New York for rehearsals for an October opening. Needless to say, I started at a very small salary, with the understanding that I was to play "bits." I wasn't worried on that account. At least, I was with the star with whom it was my ambition to be. Mr. Mansfield's plan for that season was to play a repertoire of his most widely known successes: "Beau Brummel," "A Parisian Romance," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Ivan the Terrible," "King Richard the Third," "The Merchant of Venice," and "The Misanthrope," a comedy by Molière never previously played. The stage chosen for rehearsals was the roof garden of the old New York Theatre.

The first several days of rehearsal Mr. Mansfield did not put in an appearance, his stage manager reading his various parts and directing. Finally word came to the effect that "father"—as Mr. Mansfield was always called by his people when not within earshot—would be there the next day. Sure enough, he appeared on the stage the following morning while some of the company were being "put through" the first act of "Beau Brummel."

As he came forward, there was not a sign of recognition from him to any of the company. Partly out of respect, but chiefly to ascertain what scene Mr. Mansfield wanted to start rehearsing, the stage manager stopped the rehearsal. Instead of this mark of attention pleasing the star, it only exasperated him. As soon as he reached the stage he exclaimed petulantly, "Well, why don't you go on; why stop, why stop?" The chances are that had the rehearsal not been stopped he would have burst out angrily: "You blithering idiot, why don't you show some respect when I arrive? Your manners are execrable; stop the rehearsal immediately." The man possessed an extremely contrary disposition. The only way one could tell whether he was pleased was by his silence. When Mansfield was pleased he said nothing.

Docily following instructions, the stage manager proceeded from the point where he had stopped, and when Brummel's cue came, Mr. Mansfield paid no attention to his own part whatever, but let the stage manager read it for him, while he strutted back and forth across the stage near the footlights in his inimitable, discontented manner. When he heard a line or speech read wrong by one of the new members, he would stop his walk instantly and show the actor or actress how to read it. Even the reading of some of the old members of the company would occasionally grate upon him. He would make them go over it several times, although possibly they were reading the lines precisely as they had done the previous season, when they were not reprimanded. After about forty-five minutes of this "Brummel" rehearsal had taken place, Mr. Mansfield thought it time for luncheon, and dismissed the company until two o'clock.

"Richard III" was to be rehearsed in the afternoon. He had not played this piece for several years, and he realized it would require considerable work to put it back in the repertoire, owing to the fact that all the members of the present company, with one exception, were new. That afternoon he decided to "go through" himself with one of the acts of "Richard." During the rehearsals previously one of the utility men had been reading the line, *"My Lord, stand back and let the coffin pass!"* It is where the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III, stops the funeral procession of Henry VI. Mr. Mansfield called for the scene. When the company formed the procession and started the march across the stage, Mansfield, who was on the opposite side, came limping to centre as the crippled Duke of Gloucester. Using an umbrella to represent a sword he confronted the procession in barrier-like manner, so as to woo Lady Anne over the bier of her dead husband, whom he, Duke of Gloucester, had foully murdered. At this point the utility man in question bounded forward, reading his line, *"My Lord, stand back and let the coffin pass!"*

Mansfield gave him one look, and then, calling for a chair, deliberately seated himself. Adjusting his glasses, he turned from the trembling actor to the stage manager. In accents more of grief than anger, he exclaimed: "Warde! Warde! where did you get this man! How is it that I encounter people in the company speaking lines like a Bowery 'Hick'?" Turning to the actor he went on: "Young man, you can handle the baggage, or something like that, but never again speak a line on my stage." He then gave an exaggerated burlesque imitation of how the man read the line. The humiliating reprimand was entirely uncalled for, as the man read as well, if not better, than a great many of the men of the company drawing larger salaries could have done.

Yet it was not only the humbler members of his company he criticised. At times he would give the more important people unmerciful abuse, and they all accepted it with good grace, knowing well that if they didn't they would have to seek another engagement. Even with the ladies of the company he was frequently sarcastic and inconsiderate. For instance, Lady Anne's "business" is to attempt to seize the Duke of Gloucester's sword but she is interrupted from securing it by a gesture from Gloucester. At rehearsal and even during performances, the actress playing Lady Anne could never do that particular "business" to suit Mansfield. Each time he would snarl and under his breath mutter, "Hopeless! Hopeless!"

The opening date that season was set for about the middle of October, and the intended route was New York, Pennsylvania Maine Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey, west to Chicago, then through all the Southern States as far as Texas,

Photo Mishkin

ELSIE FERGUSON

This favorite actress will be seen this coming season in "The Unseen Empire"

Sarony

MAY ALLISON

In Lawrence Rising's farce, "Apartment 12-K," at Maxine Elliott's Theatre

then back northeastward to Michigan, in order to close in Detroit some time in June. This route represented a season of about thirty-four weeks. At this time Mr. Mansfield was closely approaching the half-century mark in years. He was at the very zenith of his career as the foremost actor of the American stage. The entire Mansfield organization, including the working staff, numbered about sixty-five people, and the company always travelled on a special train, which consisted of three sleepers, two or three day coaches, two baggage cars, and Mr. Mansfield's private car. The engineer was ordered to regulate the speed of the train according to instructions from the star's private car, the instructions being issued by Mr. Mansfield himself. He had a speed indicator in his car, and seldom allowed the engineer to exceed forty miles an hour. Should the indicator jump past the forty-mile notch, one would suddenly see the bell-cord, running through the cars to the cab of the engine, suddenly grow taut as a signal to the engineer to slacken his speed. When travelling, the private car was always on the rear of the train, and on the one-night stands—of which there were about fifty-five—Mr. Mansfield would have his car side-tracked in some quiet spot on the outskirts of the town, and he would live in the car instead of going to a hotel. At 7:15 in the evening a carriage would convey him from his car to the theatre, and after the performance, from the theatre back to the car, where the principal meal of the day, prepared by his cook, awaited him. On the one-night stands that year he usually played "Ivan the Terrible," that historical drama being new to the country at large, and, incidentally, to show the public what a great piece of character portrayal his impersonation of the Russian tyrant, Ivan, was. It was always the general belief that the dual rôle of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was Mr. Mansfield's hardest part, and one that exacted more strain on his nervous system than all his other rôles combined. Newspapers throughout the country exploited the statement that Mansfield played "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" on Saturday nights only so he could have all of Sunday to give his wrecked nerves a chance to recuperate. Let me say right here that the rôle of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was the easiest part for him to play of any in his entire repertoire, and did not tax him nearly as much as some of his other rôles. In fact, whenever Mansfield wanted a rest he would play "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." His range of voice was truly marvellous, and the grewsome depth to which he delved vocally, combined with the uncanny green light thrown on him while portraying Hyde, explained the sensational vogue of the play. Mansfield was a shrewd and sagacious business man. He thoroughly realized the inestimable value of sensational advertising. He always had a clever press agent ahead of the company, and by nine o'clock each night knew just how much money was "in front." Very often, before the performance began, one would hear him dispatch his manager with this admonition: "Mr. ———, have the statement in my dressing-room by nine-o'clock, do you understand? Not ten minutes before, or ten minutes after, but nine o'clock sharp."

He commanded higher prices than any other star. Through all the Southern States, choice main floor seats were three dollars for Mansfield, and usually the entire house would be sold out days before he reached town. As is the custom with travelling troupes, the first place the members of the company would make for, on arriving in a town, was the theatre, in order to ascertain from the theatre people the desirable hotels at which to stop. Invariably would this sign greet us in front of the theatre: "All Sold Out for Mansfield To-night." The star did not object to one-nighters in the least, as he received a larger percentage of the receipts from those than he did from theatres in the larger cities. Furthermore, he suffered none of the inconveniences of travel that confronts the vast majority of theatrical folk. His private car was his home while playing the smaller towns, and he lived as comfortably as in New York. His income was in the neighborhood of $75,000 a season, over and above all his theatrical expenses. Yet in spite of this earning capacity he was not a rich man. He was very extravagant and managed to spend the greater part of his income each year. He maintained a beautiful home on Riverside Drive, in New York City, in which he seldom lived, and a summer home at New London, Conn. To add to his many luxuries he sported a private yacht, on which he cruised during part of the summer months. His wife, who at one time was his leading woman, known to theatregoers as Beatrice Cameron, retired from the stage after the birth of their son, George Gibbs Mansfield, and in later years seldom travelled with her husband, her time being occupied with her son's education.

One of Mansfield's many admirable qualities was his hatred of street publicity. He would always avoid crowds and would never attempt to make himself conspicuous. While walking the most secluded path he could find was always his choice. The average actor is prone to be just the antithesis of this, flaunting himself as conspicuously as possible wherever he can be the object of the gaze of the multitude. He detested the loafing, posing type of actor, and was a profound student and scholar in every sense of the word. When any members of his company

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TWO ATTRACTIVE ACTRESSES WHO RECENTLY APPEARED IN "SWEETHEARTS" ON THE ROAD

were in trouble, real trouble, not of their own fault or making, such as serious illness, he always played the good Samaritan with unstinted generosity, and he would never accept thanks. He never personally proffered assistance, but always sent an envoy in his stead, in the person of his manager or his treasurer. Many times when one in his company was stricken with illness, Mansfield paid doctor, hospital and nurse bill, and furnished the convalescent with transportation to his or her home. An incident I well remember, an act of generosity to which Mr. Mansfield was not in any way obligated, was when he came to the rescue of some of his actors arrested for a poker game. We were in Texas on the one-nighters, and were just about to make a jump from San Antonio to Austin. Our special train was due to leave San Antonio at one o'clock in the morning. Five or six of the men of the company had gathered in one of the coaches for the purpose of playing poker. Texas has a law which prohibits gambling on any train in the State. The game had just started and the train would have left in one or two minutes, when suddenly two deputy sheriffs rushed inside and declared the card players under arrest. The officers had all the evidence necessary, for the players had money scattered on the board. It was explained to the sheriffs that it was the Mansfield special train, and that a serious delay meant no performance the following day. The sheriffs agreed to compromise on a fine of $25 for each player. This meant $125 or $150. None of the card players had anything like $25. The ultimatum was: either raise that amount or go to jail. Word had been sent of the predicament to Mr. Mansfield. He immediately instructed his treasurer to pay the sheriff the required amount for the release of the actors, and to inform the gamblers that it would not be deducted from their salaries, but that the game was to be considered "on" Mr. Mansfield. A few days afterward one of the actors involved in the game met Mr. Mansfield on the street and took it upon himself to thank the star for his generosity. Mansfield did not notice the man when he approached, but continued on his walk. Afterward he summoned his manager, requesting him to tell the man never to accost him on the street, and that if it occurred again it would mean his dismissal from the company.

Mansfield's sense of humor was highly developed, but he seldom exercised it, although when he did, it was when least expected. A stage hand once made a remark to him that ordinarily would have resulted in his being ejected from the theatre. The occasion was during a performance of "Richard III." Mansfield's suit of armor, for which he had paid £300 in England, was a superb outfit of war regalia. A stage hand, in a half-drunken condition, sat perched in a chair tilted against the wall near Mansfield's dressing-room. As Richard made his way from the dressing-room to the stage, clad in the armor, the stage hand caught sight of him and cried: "Say, Dick, ye look like a new stove!" Mansfield stopped abruptly and glared at the man; then burst out laughing and remarked: "Bright young man, all right; witty fellow. You should go into vaudeville." Apropos of "Richard III" that season, it was the first time Mansfield had produced the play in possibly twelve years, the last time being when he produced it in England and lost a great deal of money in so doing. The opening night for "Richard III" was scheduled for Boston, at the Colonial Theatre, and it was the only time I ever heard Mansfield "go up" in his lines. His first entrance was in an obscure position with the procession. Near the centre of the stage was a large "prop" rock, and the business of the part required him to sit upon this rock until the remainder of the procession had left the stage. Then followed the long soliloquy: *"Now is the winter of our discontent; made glorious summer by this son of York."* After that opening line Mansfield suddenly stopped, a blank stare overspread his countenance, and drawing his sword he made a few flourishes, in order to cover the fact that his memory had failed him, and strutted off the stage, signaling for the curtain to be rung down and leaving the remainder of the speech unspoken. In every performance of "Richard III" thereafter that season he omitted the entire scene of that opening soliloquy, although possibly for the reason that he thought it unnecessary for his version of the play.

To illustrate the marvellous power of his voice, in the battle scene of this play, every member of the company had instructions to don armor, stand in the wings and create as much noise as possible by shouting and slashing each other with their swords on each other's armor to lend the asmosphere of battle. The effect of this caused such a clatter and din that if one wished to speak to the one next him in the wings it was necessary to form a trumpet with both hands and yell in the ear of the other. In spite of this deafening demonstration, when Mansfield bolted across the stage, wildly flourishing his sword in the air, the

famous words: *"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"* were distinctly heard from him like the roar of cannon. The timbre of his voice in this battle scene fairly shook the rafters.

His portrayal of Baron Chevrial in "A Parisian Romance" was a masterpiece of character work. The death of the Baron occurred in the supper scene. The men in this scene were in full dress and wore white dress gloves. One night all the dress gloves I possessed were badly soiled, so I decided to go on the scene without gloves. Before the rise of the curtain on this act the star used to look over the scene to see whether everything was in readiness, chairs in their proper places, etc. The first thing Mansfield spied was myself, bare-handed. "Young man, where are your gloves?" he inquired sternly. Evading the truth, I informed him that in my hurry to be in time for the act I had left them in my dressing-room. "Get them as quickly as you can, you'll have time before the curtain rises," he commanded. I started for the stairs leading to the dressing-rooms, hoping I should meet some one who could lend me a pair of clean dress gloves. On the first landing I met one of the men of the company holding a box about a foot long. He asked the cause of my rush, and I informed him that I must have gloves immediately. Without a word he opened the box, took out a pair of new dress gloves and handed them to me. Pulling them on, I rushed down the stairs to the stage. Mansfield saw that I had gloves and called to the stage manager, "All right, ring up the curtain." After the act was over I sought my friend to thank him. "They're not mine," he explained, "they're Mansfield's. They were in one of his trunks and I was taking them to his dressing-room." I nearly fainted from the shock.

One of Mansfield's actors had been with him continuously for seventeen years. Naturally this man was more intimate with the eminent star than any other male member of the company. Often during the summer months Mansfield would invite him to spend a few days on his yacht. This particular actor told the present writer that he always accepted the invitation, not daring to offend "father," but that he always made his stay as brief as possible, owing to Mansfield's peculiar manners. While on the yacht, should the guest happen to drop a burnt match on the deck, "father" would instantly call a servant and have the match thrown overboard. It goes without saying that this scrupulous neatness made it embarrassing and uncomfortable for anyone fond of smoking. The odor of smoke in the dressing-room of a theatre drove him into a frenzy. Not for a dislike of the odor, but for fear of the playhouse burning, and he being held liable for the negligence of his employee or employees. He rarely, if ever, entered a barber shop. When he wished his hair trimmed, he had a barber come to the dressing-room before the performance, and he always shaved himself. One night, somewhere in Texas, when he were just about to leave a town, I happened to be standing on the depot platform near his private car. Through a window I could see Mansfield before a mirror shaving. The engine was not yet attached to the train, and in backing up for coupling the engineer probably miscalculated the distance, causing the engine to severely jolt the train of cars. Mansfield was thrown across the car, although he managed to remain on his feet, but several pieces of furniture in the car were overturned. When the coupling was made, Mansfield, who had left his car and was pacing the depot platform, mistook some switchman standing near the engine for the engineer. Rushing up to him he cried: "What is the matter with you, you nincompoop? I could sue your road for damages for what you just did, you idiot!" The switchman, from all appearances a rough and tumble Texan, stood open-mouthed at this unexpected outburst of wrath, not knowing the cause or the man delivering it. He finally recovered his senses and gave utterance to a volume of terrifying oaths directed at Mansfield. By this time I came up. I remonstrated with the railroad man, told him that it was Mr. Mansfield's special train, and to run on about his business, whereupon the fellow, becoming more and more belligerent, said he didn't care who the h—— he was talking to. A conductor who had appeared upon the scene acted as peacemaker, and Mansfield returned to his car, but not before threatening to sue the railroad; which, incidentally, he never did. In moments of anger he would make the most extreme threats, and a half hour afterward would have forgotten all about it. Often while putting a new play in preparation he would become impatient, discharge the whole company, tell each to look for another engagement and stalk out of the theatre in a rage, talking retirement and thanking the Lord he had saved a few pennies on which to live; only to return about fifteen minutes later and resume rehearsal. The company knew his idiosyncrasy and would hold their places until his return. As a matter of fact, Mansfield was angry about three-quarters of the time. This state of mind apparently never affected his health. Until a few weeks prior to his death he was always the picture of rugged physical strength. His physique was as well proportioned as any man could desire; broad shoulders tapering down to a waist seven inches smaller in circumference than his chest; powerful arms, large neck and symmetrical legs. Although only five feet seven and one-half inches, or possibly five feet eight inches in height, owing to his well-proportioned physique, he appeared much taller. At a glance one would guess him to be five feet ten or ten and one-half inches tall.

(*Continued on page* 88)

White

GRACE DOVEY
Seen as Anne Clutterbuck in "The Queen of the Movies"

Photo Otto Sarony

EMILY STEVENS

Seen as Lily Wagner in "To-day," and to appear next season in Edward Sheldon's play, "The Garden of Paradise"

An Interview with Franz Lehar

IF you happen to drop in the Café Museum at the corner of the Friedrichstrasse and the Operngasse about four o'clock any afternoon your Viennese host—or the Kellner if you were alone—would point to a group of men in a far corner of the café and say:

"There sits the celebrated Franz Lehar."

If you are indiscreet enough to ask which one of the group is the famous composer you will be looked upon as a very ignorant person. For everyone in Vienna knows Franz Lehar—by sight, at least—and as much is expected of American visitors.

However, there is really no occasion for asking which one is Lehar. His photographs have appeared in American papers and magazines too many times for one not to be familiar with his appearance. And besides on the wall directly over the table at which the group is gathered is a marble bust of the composer with his name lettered in gilt beneath it.

This is the famous "Lehar Corner" and in it gather all the leading composers of Vienna between the hours of four and six every afternoon throughout the year. But because Lehar is recognized as the greatest of their set the corner is named for him and his bust and pictures adorn the walls.

If you are fortunate enough to have an acquaintance with one of the famous Viennese composers—or a mutual friend—you will have a delightful hour in the Lehar Corner. The pleasant faced American looking man who is chatting over his coffee—no other than Franz Lehar—will greet you with the most democratic of handshakes and make you feel instantly at home. One by one he will present you to Emerich Kallman, the composer of "The Gay Hussars" and "The Little King"; to Heinrich Reinhardt, the composer of 'The Spring Maid"; to Oskar Nebdal, whose opera "Polenblut" is one of the biggest hits of the season; to Oscar Straus, of "Chocolate Soldier" fame, and perhaps to Dr. Leo Fall, whose "Dollar Princess" is still remembered. Vienna, you must remember, is the musical centre of the world. Practically all the famous composers of what we term "light operas" live in the Austrian capital and practically all of them take their coffee at the Café Museum.

FRANZ LEHAR
Composer of "The Merry Widow," which operetta made him a millionaire

If you do not speak very good German Herr Lehar will ask Leo Stein or Robert Bodansky, who have written the librettos of so many Viennese operettas and who are sitting close by, to act as interpreter. For the composer of "The Merry Widow" and "The Count of Luxembourg" does not speak English and, of course, his native tongue—Hungarian—is quite incomprehensible.

It is a little more than eight years since "The Merry Widow" was first produced at the Theater an der Wien and a practically unknown composer made famous throughout the world. For while one of Lehar's operettas ran 240 nights in Vienna before "The Merry Widow" was produced his fame—if it can be called that—was purely local. He was simply a poor young Hungarian with several scores which he was anxious to sell to Vienna managers. To-day, it is no exaggeration to say, he is the most celebrated and popular composer in the world and a millionaire besides. His operas for the next ten years are all contracted for—royalties are pouring in from a score of countries—and what gratifies him quite as much—his latest work, "Die Ideale Gattin" (The Ideal Wife), is at the Theater an der Wien, and has proved the biggest success of the present season.

Yet, in spite of his success and his rapid transformation from poverty to affluence, Franz Lehar is the most modest of men. He dresses as simply as in his poorer days. While he has a beautiful home on one of the finest streets in Vienna he lives simply. The fact that all his brother composers are daily in his society speaks volumes for his unselfish popularity. He does not know what jealousy is—at least so all his friends declare. And one has only to chat with him about other composers to discover an entire absence of ego.

It was surrounded by Kallman, Reinhardt and Strauss that I found Lehar at the Café Museum taking his afternoon coffee, as is his custom. Wilhelm Karczag, the director of the Theater an der Wien and the Raimund Theater, and Leo Stein the librettist, were at the next table. It was early and the others—Eysler, Ziehrer, Nebdal, Fall and Granichstädten had not arrived. Herr Lehar had been informed by a mutual friend that my mission was to interview him and he good-naturedly consented.

Hardly had the Kellner placed a glass of cream-topped Vienna coffee before me than I plunged into the interview.

"First and foremost," I asked, 'why have you never come to America?"

"Because I have never had the right operetta," the composer of 'The Merry Widow' and the 'Count of Luxembourg,' answered directly. "When I have found the right piece I shall certainly come to New York and conduct at its première."

"I have heard you are afraid of the ocean," I suggested.

"No, no," he laughed. "Why, I used to be director of a marine band. Seriously, when I am satisfied that I have the right piece I'll come over. Perhaps it will be with 'Endlich Allein.' I really want to visit America. I want to hear some of Herbert's compositions. Yes, I'm surely coming."

"Endlich Allein," Kallman explained, was Lehar's newest operetta which is to be produced in Vienna next season. "Die Ideale Gattin," his present piece at the Theater an der Wien is such a big success that it may run until spring.

"Why were you not satisfied with "Gypsy Love?" I asked. "In fact, we expected you to come to America for its première."

"Gypsy Love?" he repeated. "It was far, very far from the right piece. I want a good book first of all. That's the hardest thing to find—a good book—there are plenty of men who can write good music, but a good libretto, a good story, I mean—is very, very rare. Yes, the success of an operetta—especially of the first performance—depends upon the book."

"But its cornerstone is a waltz?" I interrupted.

"Of course, for a Viennese operetta," answered Herr Lehar. "But not for your American musical pieces which you wrongfully term opéra comique. Everyone says American musical plays are better staged than ours—so it must be so. Still I believe our operettas are better sung. I will find out for myself when I visit America.

"You must remember," he went on, "that you have touring companies. Your managers can invest twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars in producing a play with some hope of getting it back. Here in Vienna when an operetta has had its run of

Photo Mishkin

CHRYSTAL HERNE

This popular actress, who appeared recently in "At Bay," will be seen next season in a new play

fifty, 100 or even 200 nights, that is all there is to it. Each theatre has its own permanent company, and there is no road tour. Consequently, productions cannot be as lavish as in America."

"But your dreadful chorus girls?" I asked.

"Viennese operettas are not written to exploit the chorus," said Herr Lehar seriously. Nor do producers here take liberties with an author's book or a composer's score. I understand that some of the Viennese operettas that have been produced in New York were so changed that they were hardly recognizable. One of mine was terribly mutilated, so I am told. A New York producer would not think of changing one of Gilbert and Sullivan's pieces. Yet they change our operettas. Ours are just as sacred as Gilbert and Sullivan's — at least, they should be so considered."

"Yes, there were just two of my numbers left in one of my operettas which was produced in New York last season," agreed Emerich Kallman, who had been listening in silence.

"'The Man With Three Wives' and 'Eva' were failures in New York for the same reason," said Lehar. "'The Merry Widow' and the 'Count of Luxembourg' were produced there exactly as they were done here—and you know with what result.

"Really, I would like to come to New York with a repertoire company and give all my operettas, he said earnestly. "I would like America to see how we present operettas in Vienna. But, of course, that's impossible."

"Do you think there will be any change in the type of operetta in the future?" I asked.

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A new portrait of Mary Garden

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Mary Garden as Monna Vanna

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Another pose of Miss Garden as Monna Vanna

"No, so long as the world is as it is light operas will be popular," he replied. "It is a form of stage entertainment the people like. I don't see how there can be any change.

"Why is it," he asked suddenly, changing the conversation, "that your American composers do not try to get a hearing in Vienna? Of course, I know it would not mean so much from a money standpoint, but surely a composer like Victor Herbert ought to have a hearing here. We have had only one American musical piece—'The Belle of New York'—and that was a big success. But, aside from the money standpoint, I should think a great composer like Herbert would like the stamp of approval from Vienna. Perhaps he, too, has not found the right work—it is hard to be satisfied with one's compositions."

"And harder to be satisfied with a libretto?"

"That's the whole thing in a nutshell, as you say in America. Yes, I believe the prayer of every composer is, 'Lord, have mercy upon me and send me a good libretto.'"

The chimes of the nearby cathedral reminded me that it was time to leave. I knew that Herr Lehar was expecting to conduct the fiftieth performance of "Die Ideale Gattin" that evening, and I also knew that theatrical performances in Vienna begin at the time when most New Yorkers sit down to dinner. So I bade good-bye to the "Lehar Corner" and its friendly crowd. An hour later, when I entered the Theater an der Wien, the famous composer was conducting his operetta. When the usher handed me a program he pointed to the leader of the orchestra and said:

"That is the celebrated Franz Lehar."

In Vienna, at least, they do not wait until a great man is dead to honor him.

KARL K. KITCHEN.

Pity the Brother

THE son of a famous American author once admitted that the greatest handicap to the literary worker was to be the son of a famous writer. Siegfried Wagner is said to have uttered a similar remark in regard to musical composers, realizing his own battle for fame in view of his father's amazing genius. The sons of great painters have labored in vain, usually, when they attempted to gain public recognition for their work. And much the same has been true of the artists of the drama. Actors, almost unanimously, declare that nothing has been more difficult to suppress from the public mind than the inevitable comparison of their talents to those of their sires. "Not so good as his father" is the trite remark constantly feared by the actor and constantly resounding in his ears, because drama, more than any of the arts, seems to be communicable by heredity.

But there is something worse than to be the son or daughter of an actor or actress, something that seems to submerge the aspirant to honors and fame to an even deeper cave of oblivion than parentage. While the percentage of famous men and women who had famous children is small, Lombroso, usually a dependable authority in such matters, places the likelihood of famous men rising to eminence as only 13½ to 100, and it is quite likely that the percentage among actors is even smaller. The famous brother is the saddest spectacle—in the theatre at least—to his male or female kindred who aspire to histrionic greatness.

Ethel Barrymore, assuredly in a leading position among American actresses, recites as the greatest impediment to her early progress, the fact that her father and mother, grandfather and grandmother were actors; but in this recital, Miss Barymore fails to note that at the present time she stands as the "famous brother" of her family. Her fame far outshines that of her brothers, who are, nevertheless, undoubtedly actors of talent. History rarely grants the coveted laurel wreath to two members of one family in a single generation. Notable exceptions at the present moment are Sir Herbert Tree and his brother, Max Beerbohm, the critic and author; Georgette LeBlanc Maeterlinck, and her brother, Maurice LeBlanc, author of "Arsène Lupin" and other plays; and a few like the McCutcheon brothers, of Chicago, among American persons of the stage. A conspicuous example in England is that of the Terry family, all of whom from a standpoint of comparative histrionic merits, must bend the knee to Ellen Terry, as they literally did on the occasion of her jubilee performance at Drury Lane Theatre in London.

H. B. Irving, son of the late Sir Henry, seems by popular opinion, to be a talented actor, while the late Lawrence, his brother, was generally classed as an ambitious son of his father.

Sanderson Moffat and the various other Moffats, who happen to be brothers and sisters of Graham Moffat, who became suddenly famous as the author of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," have little chance to rise to their brother's eminence, although like the late Joseph Jefferson, he seems to use his name and influence in placing them among the *dramatis personæ* of all his programmes.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's brother has had to content himself playing the Ghost in "Hamlet" or similar parts in other plays of his brother's repertoire, or with trouping the one-night stands in his brother's cast-off garments—in a word, he has known what it is to live from the crumbs falling from his master's table. James Lackaye, thought by many critics to be a better actor than his brother Wilton, has been completely overshadowed by the latter on the American stage. The brother of Tyrone Power is so inconspicuous in small parts on the stage as to be barely recognized. E. H. Sothern has for many years enjoyed greater fame than his brothers, although his father remarked: "poor Eddie, he is such a nice boy, but he will never be an actor."

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GERTRUDE DUFFY
Concert singer now appearing on tour

Trying to avoid what invariably happens when several members of the same family are on the stage, one soaring high, to what is believed to be, the detriment of the others, the Crelin family long ago decided to take "stage names" and care being taken to make them all different, thus Frank Celli, Herbert Standing and W. T. Carleton. John Wilkes Booth was thought by many audiences to be an exceptional actor, but it is believed that he was always underrated on account of comparison to his more famous brother, Edwin Booth. The brothers of Sam Bernard, Lew Fields and the late Peter F. Daly were always ranked in second place. Sidney Drew never had anything like the reputation of his brother, John Drew. Dion Boucicault, the London stage manager and producer, seems to have inherited some of his father's genius for the stage; and a younger son, Aubrey Boucicault never reached anywhere near his popularity. William Farnum admits that "Brother Dustin is a better actor than I am," but the inevitable comparison to "Brother" which he has been obliged to endure throughout his career, has been much of a handicap in the race, while a

(*Continued on page 88*)

LOIS HOWELL
To appear next season in John Emerson's new play

GEORGE H. WISEMAN
Seen recently in "The Shepherd King"

White

MARGERY PEARSON
Who played Mme. Gimbelette in "The Midnight Girl"

The Failure of the American Producer

PART II

THERE is one other source of distraction that only too often mars the average American production; and the producer is at least negatively responsible for it, since it should be his duty to see that nothing is allowed to interfere with the interest in the unfolding dramatic story. Why the stars—far more intelligent people than the producers—should continually overdress, forgetting every canon of reticence and taste, is a stage mystery. Some of the cheaper productions are little more than parade grounds for the latest styles in clothes. And even the so-called "first-class" productions suffer from the parading of extreme or even bizarre creations. For instance, "Bought and Paid For," which in some respects approached so near to real drama, was marred by an inexcusable exhibition of the ultra fashionable in dress. It is safe to say that everyone in the audience several times felt more interest in certain beautiful but very noticeable gowns than in the action of the play. To bolster up plays of frank artificiality the introduction of such features may be allowable—anything is, for that matter—but in a drama of serious intent it is distinctly an interruption; it is not art.

Looking back over the discussion, of the exterior and interior naturalistic settings, of the introduced irrelevant incidents, of overdressing, it should be clear to the reader that there is one underlying fallacy which nullifies the entire achievement of the American producer: he misconceives the mission of art and the method of the artist. For, after all, art is conventional and selective, affording a unified impression to the spectator; whereas the creation of the American producer is slavishly imitative, strained and episodic. It is unnatural just to the extent of its straining after naturalness, and its appeal is primarily that of vaudeville. It has sacrificed the imaginative element, the beauty of thought, and the typically dramatic, cumulative, emotional interest, for the superficial appeal of perfectly imitated surface detail, and of unconnected episode.

Since the productions of David Belasco have been chosen almost exclusively for comment, it is only fair to outline now his real service to the American stage. For he does stand head and shoulders above most of his fellows, even though he has wandered from the true confines of art. In the first place, Belasco combines to a certain extent the offices of manager, producer, playwright, stage director, scene designer, and electrician. Belasco's is one of the very few theatres in which every element of the production goes through the hands or the mind of one man. And there can be no doubt that one of the great needs of the theatre to-day is the existence of a number of such all-commanding directors. The thoroughness of Belasco's work is indeed a lesson to those other producers who blindly delegate their duties to a dozen individual workers, thus bringing forth an uncoordinated whole. Again, the American theatre owes Belasco a debt for the lesson of painstaking care which his preparation of a play affords. For Belasco never hurries a production. He puts forth a very few plays each year, and he spares neither time nor expense to make them perfect according to his standards. Their shortcomings mark simply the limits of his artistic ability; his faults never are those of the managers who are forever scrambling to get something on the stage as quickly and as cheaply as possible. Again, Belasco has perfected certain mechanical devices that can be used quite as readily for artistic as for naturalistic effects. In lighting, especially, he has been able to advance far beyond his American fellow-producers. His lighting methods and lighting effects are less important than those of certain Continental stage artists, perhaps, only because he is concerned with producing a natural light where they seek chiefly a beautiful light or one suggestive of the mood of the action. And, lastly, Belasco served the American stage by developing the box set interior to a certain solidity, by discarding the old style "flat" set for the more satisfying "plastic" sort. In other words, he discarded the most ridiculously unnatural elements of the naturalistic setting. He made the always unsatisfying naturalistic setting as satisfying as it ever can be.

Thus Belasco has accomplished much for the American theatre; but at the same time he has nullified the chief value of his service by mistaking the fundamental principles of art. He

Window

DARLING PREPARES TO HER DRESSING ROOM

The scene is laid in the dressing room of Mr. Darling in Joseph and Miss Braithwaite. The principal figure, Miss Frohman, will create the title role in the new Broadway play, "Peter Pan."

Sarony
JOBYNA HOWLAND
To appear shortly in a new play

JANE SALISBURY
Playing Shireen in "Omar, the Tentmaker"

White
CARREE CLARKE
In "A Pair of Sixes," at the Longacre

is the incomparable mechanician, rather than the man of vision, the inventive genius rather than the imaginative poet. His failure as a stage artist is the more pathetic because he sees the right goal, because he wants to create an atmosphere. But he tries to accomplish it by an accurateness that is commonplace, rather than by a symbolism or a suggestion that is beautiful. He is like a man who finds the right road to his destination and then walks in the wrong direction. He describes his work as the poetic adaptation of nature; but he is constantly travelling away from poetry and into prose.

Belasco presents the spectacle of a man who is worse than his fellows only because he has been more successful in realizing their ideals. He is the worse offender in naturalism only because he has arrived at a more accurate perfection; he is a more dangerous force in the American theatre because he disguises his tricks with all the outer semblance of art; he plans an effect that is photographically natural, and then leads up to it as to a dramatic climax, with the most finished artistry. Klaw and Erlanger, or the Shuberts, or any one of a score of lesser producers, might have yielded the examples for this discussion. Their settings, or at least those that they presumably direct, have all the same strained naturalism, and their ideal embraces the same episodic sort of action. Their work differs from his simply in that it lacks the disguising gloss, the insinuating semblance of art by which he has led even discerning critics to an acceptance of fundamentally false productions. In England, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree has achieved a similar hollow success, and deserves to stand with Belasco himself—but that is another story.

In summing up the failure of the American producer, it is necessary only to repeat a sentence from the opening paragraph: his achievement is the perfect realization of a false ideal.

Forsaking the commercial producer, it is worth while to examine the signs that point to an ultimate revolution of stage production in America. For outside of New York (where the entire progress in the new stage-craft has been limited to the work of two of the younger managers) there are encouraging beginnings of a better era in the staging of plays. Two movements are chiefly concerned in the work of redeeming American production from absolute stagnation: first, the growth of the so-called experimental or art theatres; and second, the development of dramatic departments and dramatic activities at the universities.

In the experimental playhouses the most valuable work has been done at the Boston Toy Theatre and the Chicago Little Theatre. At the Toy Theatre the plays, ranging from poetic drama to the most realistic of modern drama, were staged by Livingston Platt, who put into practice the fundamental principles formulated by Gordon Craig. While modifying the Craig method according to ideas of his own, Platt has sought consistently to build up unobtrusive backgrounds, gaining atmospheric effect by simple suggestion rather than by elaborate detail. Very recently he has staged some Shakespearean plays at the larger Castle Square Theatre in Boston, and in spite of the limitations of equipment, achieved in certain scenes a very unusual success. In his productions of "The Comedy of Errors" and "Julius Cæsar" there were some very interesting combinations of hangings and columns, that were made to serve adequately with slight changes for several scenes of differing atmosphere; and the street scene in "The Comedy of Errors" and the garden scene in "Julius Cæsar" were such simple imaginative backgrounds as would have done credit to any of the more advanced Continental theatre designers. At the Chicago Little Theatre the staging has been even simpler, the background often consisting of mere hangings. Occasionally the settings have been more elaborate, creating atmosphere or mood by symbolic suggestion. But never has the aim been mere imitation of nature. Under the direction of Maurice Browne the Little Theatre designers always have worked as artists and never as naturalists or historians. In both the Toy Theatre and the Chicago Little Theatre the stage directors have exhibited those qualities that the American commercial producer so sadly lacks: good taste, reticence of touch, and concentration of effect. With similar experimental theatres and stage societies just beginning their work in a half-dozen other American cities, the revolutionary gospel

of simplicity and good taste promise to spread very rapidly. At the universities the dramatic renaissance has taken the shape of revivals of plays of other times in their original settings, and occasionally the production of modern drama in experimental settings based more or less upon the new stage-craft as practiced in the European art theatres. Many Greek plays have been presented, sometimes on the severely bare Greek stage, sometimes with partial concession to the modern desire for scenery, sometimes incongruously in the full mediocrity of modern "stage art." Elizabethan dramas have been played before backgrounds that left everything to the imagination of the audience, and Miracle Plays have been presented with only the crudest of stage devices and stage properties. All these productions have served to teach the younger generation of playwrights and the younger generation of playgoers how independent good drama is of all the clutter of the usual commercial setting. At least one university, Harvard, has an experimental theatre, wherein the most advanced ideas of staging are tested. Recently the Harvard Delta Upsilon Society presented "The Comedy of Errors" in simple symbolic settings designed by Gardner Hale, a student. The production, inconsequential as it was in certain respects, nevertheless was notably more artistic and truer to the spirit of the playwright than any commercial Shakespeare production seen in this country. More recently a graduate student, Sam Hume, has been creating settings that are among the finest examples of the new stage-craft in America. Hume had the benefit of two years' work under Gordon Craig in Europe, and naturally follows out Craig's progressive ideas, though not slavishly. His experiments are bringing a new and very refreshing note into the American theatre.

Returning to the more professional productions one finds that the new stage-craft has crept into the commercial theatre to a slight extent. Winthrop Ames has exhibited an interest in the simpler sort of settings, not only recently at his Little Theatre in New York, but as far back as the days of his directorate of the New Theatre. His productions of the past two years have stamped him as the most consistently artistic of the American directors, though he has yet to free himself of the last traces of traditional influence. A comparative newcomer in the producing field, Arthur Hopkins has presented "Evangeline" with four of the ten settings as finely simple and suggestive as anything in the European theatres. Among the actors, William Faversham has turned to the new stage-craft, rather timidly, perhaps, but with enough interest to give promise of better settings for his future productions. Margaret Anglin was one of the first to revolt against the inartistic naturalism of the average American production, and to recognize the beauty and fitness of the work of the European secessionists. Her productions of Sophocles' "Antigone" and "Electra" at the Greek Theatre at Berkeley were notable reversals of all the accepted rules of the American theatre; and more recently she has commissioned Livingston Platt to direct the staging of her Shakespearean productions. When "Chantecler" was produced in America, John W. Alexander collaborated with J. Monroe Hewlett and W. H. Gilmore in designing and executing some woodland scenes that were far above the average, but not so successful as the still simpler work of Platt and Hume and Hopkins. At the Boston Opera House, Joseph Urban, an Austrian artist, has designed some beautiful settings, that seem to be based on a combination of the principles of the new German stage-craft and those of Léon Bakst and the other Russians. Some of his backgrounds have been admirably

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White REGINALD BARLOW AS SCARAMEL IN "PRUNELLA"
This popular actor will be seen shortly in a leading rôle in Paul Wilstach's play, "What Happened at 22"

CHARLES PURDY
Appearing in the "Ziegfeld Follies"

Copyright Moffett BEATRICE ALLEN
Dancer seen lately in Chicago

Strauss-Peyton EARLE GRANT
Seen in "The Temperamental Journey"

What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism?

BREVITY is the soul of wit—and error. For instance: the title to this inquiry. It is like the question: "What's wrong with democracy?" We can't really answer either question, because we have had so rarely, if ever, experience with either institution.

This is not to disparage our dramatic critics. We have some—some excellent ones—although the majority of them do not publish their work. Nor is it to lay contempt on our dramatic reporters. They labor hard at an unpleasant task, and often even produce pleasant reading.

That is possibly the first, though not the most often noted fault with our attempt at dramatic criticism. We do not distinguish between it and reporting. Almost every morning paper in New York that boasts a special critic of the stage—and, therefore, by implication, the value of dramatic criticism—will, when several openings occur on the same night, sent its critic to one, possibly a sub-critic to another, and to the remaining, mere reporters. The next morning all the so-called reviews will appear unsigned, leaving the reader to ascertain from internal evidence which is the critic's judgment—a task often rendered extremely difficult by the reportorial tendency of the critic or the critical tendency of the reporter.

The interesting question as to whether dramatic criticism is of value in a newspaper is too important to be discussed within the narrow limits of this article. But if it is, then, surely, since criticism is always individual, the value of it lies in always getting one individual's reaction. Otherwise, we might as well read a different newspaper every day. And if dramatic criticism is not of value to a newspaper, then let us have undisguised reporting, unmixed with direct critical opinion, as is the reportorial rule in other fields, and fuller than we have it now, with details as to the color of the scenery and the cut of the costuming, the speech before the curtain and the number of seats occupied and paid for—this or nothing.

Of course, the evening papers do no suffer so. Readers of these appear generally to be content to wait to hear their own critic's critical opinion. And when he has one, their patience brings reward.

Many, however, have no such opinion, or express none. They give us impressions solely without reasons, at times even without reason. In some cases they may seek to compensate with "cleverness." Shaw and Chesterton have played havoc with our press. An editor once said that every morning play review was a grouch and every evening one a quip. Such evening newsmen do not realize that the cleverness of Shaw and Chesterton is merely a means to make more pleasurable the reception of their ideas—reception of ideas being to most men a fatiguing exercise, to be avoided, unless they are to be cajoled into it by some such means. Cleverness is not an end in itself. Indeed, it cannot stand alone. No better proof is needed than the perusal of some of these evening "quips."

Why we get such empty phrasing may be due to the critic's desire not to bore us, or to his critical emptiness itself. In either case the incumbent is unfit. It is the problem of a critic to criticize and yet be readable. The place for him who doesn't know anything about the drama, but who knows what he likes, is, if he must write, the Letter column.

There are, however, some really capable critics on our papers. Don't smile. Remember that there can be capable critics with whom you do not agree. Remember that two directly opposing views may both be really critical. Remember, if you are a radical, that a reactionary turn of mind

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Sketch by G. A. Coffin E. F. ALBEE'S HIGH-SPEED YACHT BEAUMERE

The high-speed day cruiser Beaumere was built by the Gas Engine and Power Company and Charles L. Seabury & Company, Consolidated, for E. F. Albee, Vice-President of the B. F. Keith theatrical enterprises. This yacht is 63 feet long, 10 feet beam, 3 feet draft, and has what is known as a Vixen stern, a type designed and originated by the builders

Photo Matzene

MARGARET ILLINGTON

After a tour in "Within the Law," this well-known actress will appear in Henry Arthur Jones' new play

London Applauds American Plays

IF there is one outstanding feature of the now closing London season it is undoubtedly the Americanization of the theatrical entertainments of the English capital. August sees the close of the London theatrical season, and September is the first month in the manager's calendar. Now is the time to take a backward glance at the successes and the failures.

Last April, at the Queen's Theatre, a new play was announced. The papers told us that it had met with some success in the States. London is always sceptical about New York successes that are to be produced in London, so they prepared to laugh—if not at the show, at least at the folly of the producers. Then came an evening when "Potash and Perlmutter" burst upon an unexpectant audience. The next morning the newspapers were full of the clever epigrams from Mr. Montague Glass's play. Now the advance booking is for three months ahead. To my own knowledge many people go again and again to see this clever play, the shrewd humor of which comes as a delightfully cooling draught after the sultry atmosphere of the so-called new or sexual drama.

Then there is the Adelphi Theatre, where Sam Bernard is called "some comedian" in "The Belle of Bond Street," once known in England as "The Girl from Kays." This is the play that Marion Winchester made her London début in some years ago. A few steps further along, at the Gaiety, Joseph Bickerton, Jr., presented "Adele," and, in spite of some drawbacks, such as giving an American musical play in the stronghold of English musical comedy, the critics welcomed "Adele," saying that it had pleasing features. It was, perhaps, not strong enough fare to withstand the counter summer attractions.

If we turn aside while walking from the Adelphi to the Gaiety we shall see illuminated signs calling attention to "Broadway Jones" at the Lyceum Theatre. Seymour Hicks and his charming wife, Ellaline Terriss, have been playing Cohan's play to crowded houses, and this after having produced it at another house, the Prince of Wales. When "Broadway Jones" finishes at the Lyceum it will be succeeded by another American play, "The Belle of New York." Sixteen years have passed over our heads since the Belle first saw the light of London at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Since then the play has been revived once, at the Adelphi, with Madge Lessing in Edna May's part. It will be interesting to see how the Belle goes at the Lyceum, which is a popular price playhouse. At the Comedy Theatre, Israel Zangwill's play, "Plaster Saints," is repeating its American success, as did "The Melting Pot," the piece that preceded "Potash and Perlmutter" at the Queen's.

Cyril Maude scored an instantaneous success with "Grumpy," both press and public fully endorsing the New York verdict. At the Shaftesbury Theatre. "The Cinema Star" has caught on in no uncertain fashion; this play is known in the States as "The Queen of the Movies." That exhausts the list of the present American plays in London. Actors and actresses that have made and are making good in London during the now closing season include: Ina Claire, who made her first appearance in London in "The Girl from Utah." She is already an established favorite, but her imitations of well-known stage people, which she is doing in "The Belle of Bond Street," came as a revelation of talent or even genius. Joe Coyne is resting at the moment, but he, too, is a popular idol. Walker Whiteside made a great impression in "The Melting Pot," and Hale Hamilton followed up his appearance at Drury Lane by producing "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." Besides the people already named, there are many other Americans who, in "Broadway Jones," "Adele" and "The Belle of Bond Street," are jointly and severally making good.

Another huge success in London was "Within the Law," but two or three earlier American productions, with the exception of "Officer 666," did not meet with much success.

Two farces that came on with a bounce collapsed like pricked bladders. They were "Oh! I Say" and "This Way, Madam." The latter play is known in the States as "All for the Ladies."

The London season has not been too good. There are at the time of writing only nine new English plays running in London. On the other hand, there are five revivals and seven plays with a foreign origin.

The number of plays that did not run for fifty nights—a very small number for London—is almost pathetic. The outstanding successes of the season were: "Milestones" (Royalty Theatre), "My Lady's Dress" (still running, Royalty Theatre), "The Great Adventure" (still running, Kingsway Theatre), "Within the Law" (Haymarket Theatre), "Mr. Wu" (still running, Strand Theatre), and "Pygmalion," which which was produced in the middle of April at His Majesty's Theatre, and is still a gigantic success. The revivals include "The Lights of London," an old, old melodrama; "When Knights Were Bold," James Welch's screaming farce; "Kismet," as popular as ever, and the "Duke of Killicrankie," in which Marie Tempest is starring. The latter lady has had a number of failures lately. Neither has luck been too kind to Sir George Alexander; he has now revived Wilde's "The Ideal Husband." Charles Frohman has a good success with "The Land of Promise," at the Duke of York's Theatre.

In addition to the already mentioned American plays there are foreign musical comedies at the Shaftesbury, Lyric, Lyceum and Daly's Theatres. Madge Lessing has returned to London after seasons in Paris and Berlin. She is making a success in "The Blue Mouse," another foreign play, at the Criterion.

Now for vaudeville. If the American theatrical manager has had considerable influence in the London theatre,

White

ALICE BRADY
To appear early in the coming season in "Sylvia Runs Away"

(Continued on page 90)

White

REHEARSING A SCENE IN "JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN"—SHOWING A NUMBER OF SUPERS

Romance and Pathos of the Super's Life

By GEORGE R. WHITE, King of the Stage Mob

SOME of my friends have been good enough to call me "King of the Stage Mobs." That is very nice of them. A little flattery never does anyone much harm. Come to think it over, I might lay some claim to that title, too, having handled more men on the stage than any other man in the world, and for more than thirty years, nearly a whole generation. By way of apology, I began very young.

Taking him rough and fine, the stage super is about as interesting a specimen of humanity as one could capture in a whole day's hunt along Broadway. He is more interesting. There are so many sides to him, and all the while he is so human. I ought to know. I have nearly 5,000 of them looking to me all the time for jobs.

When you stop to recollect that more than half that big number are absolutely depending on a few cents a day for food, and, if you don't take care, some of them will spend it on drink instead, it does not take long to figure out that my stage mob subjects are some responsibility for a king with a sensitive heart. If I had not started with the motto, "Nothing for Nothing," and stuck to it hard and tight, no matter how I felt about it now and again, I would have had to get out into some other sort of business years ago. A man with a soft heart can pick up as much misery as is good for him, and a bit more, in my office any day, and not have to worry himself trying to find it. But the super is a fascinating study all the same. That is, he is if you look at him right and don't close up your heart so hard that it hurts you to breathe.

Few people have any sort of correct idea about stage supers, and hardly anybody has any notion of the vast numbers in which he can muster every day of the year in this big city, nor of the enormous amount of good which is done by means of this simple calling. Some people think supers are all wastrels or misfits. Others fancy most of them are college boys and sports who do it just to get on the stage for fun. Well, neither of those notions is exactly right. The truth is that the old-time drink soddened super has been practically weeded out. He is no use in the game and isn't wanted. The trouble is that circumstances just now seem likely to bring him back. But some of the most romantic cards and some of the bravest sports I have ever known have been supers. In the past year I have sent more than 16,000 men to super's jobs in New York City alone. You can reckon that at least half of them were down and out and facing starvation when they came to me. But a man can easily get that way in New York or any other big city without being a good-for-nothing.

The first night of "The Girl and the Pennant," in which I had 150 men, someone said to me, "Weren't those nearly all college boys you had in that rooting crowd of fans?" That would have tickled me to death, only I was sickening for an attack of the grippe and had to be careful. I have never once yet knowingly had a college boy get a super's job from me. I've had many a man who was a college boy once and has done his best to forget it. They are common. But lads actually at college and knowing where their next meal is coming from get no glad hand from me. It is hard enough as it is to find jobs for those who really need them, and need them mighty badly.

Many and many a time I have seen men stand at my office rail and known they were staking their lives on a last throw. And I have seen brave lads do it so that not a soul without the sharpened eye of long experience could have told that it was a case of food to-night or the river to-morrow. I have had men stand there in suits that they paid $50 for, but ill-luck has struck them, and rather than try to borrow a dollar from a friend they have set their teeth and come to me to earn one. They are the genuine sports, the men who can meet misfortune and beat it without a whimper at the pain the battle causes.

Generally it is the pathetic side of the super's life which stands out and hits you. But the romance of the super is still more striking. His humor is usually of the grim kind. Often his pathos is inextricably mixed up with romance and sometimes due to it in such a way that it becomes positively humorous. I came into the super providing business by accident, and have remained in it because I like it. Had I been novelist, I might have chosen the field purposely and would have done wisely. I could have found material for more novels than any two men could write. The stories I have known—and I have found them to be true—would wring tears from a statue.

Yet I have known men who voluntarily became supers, not because they were in dire need of a dollar nor because they wanted to get on and become actors, but just because they could not conquer their irresistible longing to be near and to catch glimpses of some beautiful actress with whom they were desperately and hopelessly in love. There are scores of men among the stage supers of New York to-day who have given up their lives for a woman whom they would never, and could never, speak to or even approach except by the accident of passing in the wings maybe. It was enough for them to be "in the same company" with her. And they have remained supers, thinking only the one thought and happy in worshipping at the sacred shrine of memory, years and years after the inspiring cause, innocent and unconscious of their ruin, has vanished from their sight. There is not one old super who has not some romantic

White

VENITA FITZHUGH

Singer and dancer seen lately in "The Laughing Husband"

a pathetic story of his past life buried within him.

One of the most pathetically humorous characters is the super who was an old actor and has dropped out. As a rule he is a man of the old school, and his contempt for the ways of to-day keeps him alive by the sheer force of his irritation. The way he shows how the leading man ought to play his part makes the hungriest super forget that his empty stomach hurts him when he laughs. The young super who is determined to be an actor, and means to show he already is one by attracting attention, is hardly less amusing to his fellows. When he and the old one get together, no farce was ever funnier than the outcome.

There are two main classes of men who seek to become supers. Half of them are unfortunate. Half are only poor. Half of the unfortunates deserve what they have got and, as a rule, I won't have anything to do with them: at any rate, not more than once. It seems to me like throwing money away to help a man already saturated with rum just soak himself some more. With the other half it is different; they have had misfortune thrust upon them. A poor chap out of work may soon find himself in a hole in New York City. Sometimes a bout of sickness does it. A super's job enables many a man, just out of a good position, to hang on until something turns up. I could name even an actor and an actress who are starring big in New York to-day and who "came back" from out among the supers and are grateful for the help it was to them in such a time of sore pinch as may come to anybody obliged to earn his living.

The halt who are merely poor are mostly young fellows of a fairly good class nowadays, salesmen, clerks, and what not, who haven't money enough to indulge in such luxuries as friends even of their own sex, and who live in hallrooms that are too small to do anything in but sleep. They come to the theatre and at the end of each week are at any rate able to put away their room rent as savings. I've known young men set themselves up in business in this way, just saving $3.50 a week. Some of these young fellows are stage struck, and, believe me, there is no better school for the would-be actor if he has his wits about him. Some very good actors have been produced out of supers. I could point out several whose names are in the big type now, but they would not like me to mention it. Some day they will tell it proudly themselves—that is, they will if they become big enough not to mind their lowly start. Some of them will, I fancy. But what is depriving the stage of many a good actor is the iniquitous system of not paying for rehearsals. Many young men cannot take up the profession because they cannot afford to live six weeks on nothing and with the chance ahead that they may hear the stage manager say at the end of the first or second week of the run: "Please look at the Notice Board as you go out to-night!" and they find the run is over.

The effect of a stage crowd on an audience is very marked. It gives atmosphere and greatly helps the actor in getting the necessary illusion. If the mob is deadly dull when it ought to be lively, nothing on earth can save the scene; the illusion is destroyed. It is odd, but none the less a fact, that all audiences seem distinctly out of touch with the supers until some definite effort establishes a sympathetic connection. It is just the reverse with the actors, probably because they are speaking.

Big numbers of supers are principally introduced to lend realism to a stage picture, as, for instance, a street mob or a crowd at a race course. They are not difficult to train for that. They are told what they are supposed to be, and after a few rehearsals drop into it as naturally as can be. It is just a part of the regular existence of many of them. Such crowds I put on in the "Sporting Duchess," "Sporting Life," "Suburban," and "Checkers," each of which needed 250 men. Such a number needs some little handling. But a few practised men are always among them to give them the lead. One night in a race scene a horse became restive in the wings. You should have seen the poor supers beat it for their lives! But one of them, by as perfect a bit of ready presence of mind as I have ever seen on the stage, saved the scene by raising a cry of "Welsher!" and the flight passed off beautifully as a pursuit! Supers have wit sometimes.

It is a curious fact that supers are, as a rule, so easily taught and managed that a humorous mishap on the stage hardly ever occurs through them. The only one I have seen in thirty years worth remembering happened when Booth was playing "Richard III." The supers were lined up on each side behind the wings ready for the battle scene, and had been told that at the word "Go!" they were to rush on and struggle with one another until the curtain fell. A side cloth failed to drop properly and a carpenter in the flies called out "Let it go!" At that "Go!" on rushed all the supers on one side. Booth had

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Copyright Mishkin — MAY IRWIN
Who has been appearing in vaudeville

Copyright Moffett — MINNA GOMBEL
Seen in "Madam President" and now appearing in stock

Copyright Moffett — ELSIE WARWICK
Recently seen in "The Sunshine Girl"

The Press Agent

IN considering the press agent we do nothing but "slam" him. For generations we have taken him lightly; some have taken him resentfully, and no matter how rare the plantings of his imagination they have reaped for him nothing but suspicion and distrust.

Recently the hostility against the press agent has taken an aggravated form. Dramatic editors have become almost leagued to discredit him. They conduct lesultory campaigns against him, and since his very existence almost entirely depends on these gentlemen, the press agent is indeed in trouble. One is provoked to inquire what he has done to bring on the vigorous and angry attacks which are made in the daily press from time to time, and it seems that the complaint against him is not as a man or a lover or a business integral, but as a linguist and phenomenon. It is his style that burns. One's curiosity is aroused when a newspaper man's sense of style in language is hurt. Is it not?

The press agent, of course, owes his being to the dramatic editor. It is to save this being trouble that he exists. At all events this view holds in newspaper offices. He not only advises the dramatic editor of the forthcoming productions of his manager and provides him with cheerful data of all sorts concerning current plays, but writes notices which the dramatic editor can print verbatim instead of taking the trouble to write "stuff" of his own. And here is where the crash comes.

The writes, says the dramatic editors, atrocious English; put a sentence in which there are one use in their journals without the most horrible grinding. His enumerating superlatives, they complain, are out of all proportion to the merits of the play he describes. What makes these journalistic exponents of the English language turn further afield is that, although many of the men who are now press agents were once somewhat newspaper men themselves, they no sooner plunge into press work than they begin to write things that, to quote the dramatic editor of a Pittsburgh paper, "are not in accordance with the traditions of the newspaper business, are not impartial, but ingratiating, and, sometimes, positively libelous. The writers seem to consider that because the publicity of the show is the object they must overdo it."

Now!

This is the interesting feature of the campaign against press agents—that the editors are not complaining of the way they are put to in order to eliminate the "ineptitude and immaturity" from the publicity notices before they use them. They complain also of the nervous, over-the-top, in the murder of the language; which attitude has its pleasure. A cartooning soul. Some one of the picture men who are daily drawing the humor of the times—Maurice Ketten would make a masterpiece of it—should record this matter by sketching an ennobling cartoon of the American Press standing as a bodyguard for the protection of fine diction against the onslaught of inept press agents and others who use the language without regard to precedent.

Unprecedented it is, certainly, the language of the publicity men. The public should know what this press agent's language is, for it is unique. It is a creation of their own. Just now the reader is so rigorously guarded from the contamination of it that hardly a soul outside of the dramatic departments of the daily press and the publicity offices whence it springs knows what it is. The public is saved the linguistic degradation, but it is a pity. The publicity "slanguage" has its points, and they are going to be revealed here. The exuberance, the fancifulness, the dash and swing will perhaps appeal to the imagination of those unburdened with responsibilities of diction. Maybe they will enjoy having their spirits raised by its fizzy effervescence. And, anyway, they will be interested in learning from what they are being saved day by day. It always is a comfort to know from what one is saved. That was no doubt the basic attraction which drew our pleasure-loving crowds to the Maxine Elliott to "The Lure." It was such a comfort to see from what the majority of us are saved by the police and other knights of Malta.

Some examples of the language of publicity men may give the public an inkling of what it has missed. Perhaps coupling specimens of the notices that are never allowed to appear in print, together with transcriptions of them as rewritten by the editors and published, may give the best idea. Heavy contrast is the color note of all melodrama. While the comedian is babbling playful trifles up left, the black-garbed heroine blubbers over her "bay-bee" down centre, from which the audience is left to deduce in one magic glimpse that life has its ups and downs. The deadly parallel is the sure thing that brings tears to the eyes. And as it is in melodrama, so, doubtless, in writing.

For instance, one Sunday when "The Red Widow" was playing in New York, these words appeared in the dramatic pages of a leading New York newspaper describing it. The words are, needless to say, those of the editor:

"An enjoyable entertainment. It is a musical play with a coherent story [illegible] developed in a sane way."

Whereas, the notice sent to the editor by the press agent to be run in the Sunday paper, and thus save valuable editorial time, ran as follows:

"Whom goes [illegible] when Raymond Hitchcock glides out from the wings. His new musical weapon completely annihilates the melancholy germ and in its place [illegible] cavorts, pirouettes, sings, dances, and laughs. Mr. H. appears in a rôle that allows full latitude for his droll artistry."

The press man also enlarged upon the "whistleable melodies," and declared that "the book and lyrics were soaked with pungent wit."

MARILYNN MILLER

Starring and Incidentally Dancing in "The Passing Show of 1914" at the Winter Garden

how awake the sluggish attention will be to these "plumy habiliments" when the time comes!

A leading comedienne is "advanced" as "a million-farad joy-magnetizer." "Farad," says the faithful dictionary, (hitherto so much neglected), "an electro-magnetic unit of electric capacity."

No doubt that if the publicity man's language should ever spread beyond the waste paper basket, where it now glows phosphorescently, it would soon come to pass that no home would be complete without a dictionary. Even in newspaper offices, then, a dictionary would not be the only article of furniture that never wears out. In one of the downtown newspaper offices the librarian is used to complaining of a college girl who labors on the Sunday staff because she is always running in to look up something in the dictionary.

"She must be awful ignorant," he growls.

This point of view would, perforce, vanish in a twinkling if press agents' English were to come into general use.

Nowhere, however, are the publicity man's apt phrases and recklessly original speech so valuable as in the description of a vaudeville program. What, indeed, would a vaudeville "show" be without them? It is hardly too much to say that he has built up the whole variety business with his language. The "singing, laughing skits" are his invention. The "tabloid dramas," the "world's most irresistible laugh producers," the "singing wonders," the "terpsichorean miracles," the "breathless thrill provokers," the "prophylactic humorists," are all his creations. What would there be to enjoy in a third-rate East Side damsel singing *The Kangaroo Hop*, if it were not for the press agent's stinging phrases glittering in the program to inform you that "she is known as the East Side Farrar and is the yodliest little yodlerine that ever bounced into fame in a single night."

An enthusiastic press man writes:

"Here is a program that lures the tired care away on a deep cushioned fall and is guaranteed to transform the most confirmed 'wet rag' the most unpromisable thug that ever grabbed a front 'bleacher' seat opposite the third sack on a sunshiny championship day."

Another, in speaking of his "star act," declares:

"The comedian will parse volubly, skewing through a quarter of an hour of pantomimery with charming lilts."

The editor, to whom the above notice was sent, translated it in his paper as follows:

"The comedian will offer a mixed talking act."

The joy language seems not to be, however, a language of which one can catch the knack merely by accepting a job as a press agent. One must, indeed, be born a press agent and have the genius germ in him. One example of what the ordinary man achieves when he tries to toss phrases into "publicity stuff," will probably give sufficient proof of this. Here is the effort of a college man who became a press agent for pecuniary reasons rather than through choice of a profession. He is prefacing his "boom" by a bit of general philosophy:

(*Continued on page 86*)

Trying it on the Dog

AMONG the numerous processes which culminate in the production of a successful play, there is none more important than that euphemistically known as "trying it on the dog." Since it is an axiom in the theatrical world that "you can't tell anything about a play until it has been done before a regular paying audience," it is considered advisable to find out what the public of an outside city thinks of it, before incurring all the heavy expense and responsibility attached to a New York production.

We say "successful play." As a matter of fact, this canine-testing operation applies quite as generally to plays that are dismally unsuccessful. Many a drama, comedy, farce, or what not, is rejected by the "dog" so uncompromisingly, that its sponsors have not the courage to present it anywhere else—much less on Broadway. More often than not, the new offering is declared by the critics and public of the "dog town" wanting, but not impossible. Then the piece is "fixed," and trimmed, and rehearsed, and rewritten, and run through the "one-nighters" for weeks—or even months—before it is regarded as safe to take it to New York. There are cases within easy remembrance where a play that ultimately runs on Broadway for a season has come to New York only after a whole year or more on the road.

Where are the "dog towns?" Well, there are half a dozen cities within a day's ride of New York that fulfil that useful mission. Among them may be mentioned New Haven, Hartford, Albany, Syracuse and Washington. These are all important centres, with papers whose dramatic reviewers are recognized as competent judges, and whose opinions are respected. They should be, for the critic in a "dog town" has a harder and more delicate task to get at the true worth of a new play than his brethren on the New York journals. The reason is not far to seek. The first presentation often is made under conditions that veil the real merit of the play—actors unfamiliar with their rôles, scenery not quite finished, "effects" not yet working smoothly, etc.—and the critic must make just allowance for these in forming his estimate.

There have been first productions where the costumes have failed to arrive, and the company has been compelled to appear in "street clothes."

The critic of a "dog town" is not too easily pleased, even if the performance is unmarred by first night accidents. Pampered as he is by successive feasts of fresh-baked—and sometimes underdone—drama, his disposition is to regard each new offering with doubt. The first night audience in a city used to "try-outs" is a great deal like its professional critics. It seldom shows the undigested enthusiasm that frequently makes a play in New York seem a success at its première, only to be scored from overture to final curtain by the papers next day, and neglected by the public afterward.

Not that the people of a "dog town" are unappreciative. If they think the offering is worthy and sincere, they will warm the hearts of producer and actors alike by their spontaneous applause. But—they have to be "shown."

Of course, it sometimes happens that the play incontinently condemned in a "dog town" goes to New York and proves a great and enduring success. But not often. Playgoers are much alike in any American city, and what pleases one audience will usually be accepted by another. The exceptions merely prove the rule. Chicago occasionally is used as the "dog town" of New York, and *vice versa,* and nearly every season there are plays which make a hit in one city, only to be violently rejected by the other. The tendency is the other way, however. The experienced manager who has achieved a success in New York is pretty certain he can do the same thing in Chicago, and the "knock-out" on the shores of Lake Michigan generally can be repeated on Broadway.

Copyright Moffett

MOLLIE KING
Lately seen on tour in "The Passing Show of 1913"

The first move in producing a new play in a "dog town" is made there some ten days or two weeks before the opening night. The suave business manager (a functionary who used to be called the "advance agent"), drops off the train and waits upon the dramatic editors of the daily papers to tell them the joyful news. They receive the information unemotionally.

"Who's in the cast?" is the curt inquiry of the first critic he goes to see.

"Oh, we have a great company, Mr. Snapper," gushes the business manager. "Our leading man is William Jones——"

"Who's William Jones?"

"Why, you remember!" purrs the B. M. reproachfully. "He made that tremendous hit in Boston in——"

"Huh! That's the man, eh?" interrupts Snapper, deprecatingly. "I thought you had John Smith. That's what your press matter has been saying. Smith is a favorite here."

Copyright Moffett JULIETTE DIKA
Who recently appeared in "The Honeymoon Express"

"Well, we did consider Smith for the part," explains the B. M. "But," sadly, "he wasn't strong enough——"

"Nor cheap enough," throws in Snapper, with a grin.

The B. M. would enjoy wringing Mr. Snapper's neck. But he cannot afford to show resentment now. So he forces a creaky laugh, as he says hastily:

"No, their salaries are about the same. Fortunately for us, Jones was at liberty, and, judging by the rehearsals, he will give a wonderful performance. The part was made for him." He lugs from his pocket an appallingly long typewritten document, and continues: "Here's a brief synopsis of the plot."

"I've printed that already. You ought to read our paper," grunts Snapper. "Carry any scenery?"

The B. M. throws up his hands. He is hurt, and his working countenance shows it.

"My *dear* Mr. Snapper! Why, this is the biggest thing scenically that ever came here. We have two carloads—cost $15,000—and some of our mechanical effects will be the sensation of the season."

Snapper refuses to be carried away by all this, however. He takes the "full cast" that the B. M. forces upon him and scans the list of names cynically. The last thing the B. M. hears, as he goes out, is Snapper's lament that the lead is not to be played by the talented Smith.

The company arrives several days before the opening, and there are rehearsals daily. The "producer" wants the people to become accustomed to the stage on which they will do the play for the first time, and there are numberless details to be looked after which can be attended to only in the last few days. The scenery must be fitted to the stage, and there are always "props" and odds and ends of costumes which have been overlooked and which must be got ready.

As the opening night draws near everybody is frantic. Nervousness shimmers in the very atmosphere of the theatre. The two carloads of scenery have been "set" over and over again, and after the "producer" has solemnly declared a dozen times that "not a stick of it will do," it is at last grudgingly accepted by him as the best that can be done, and is stacked up to await the first performance. And always he is yelling at "Props" and the electrician.

Very often the scenic artist goes with the company to the "dog town," to superintend the setting up of his work, and he and the "producer" have many a merry bout of argument and vituperation together. The stage manager and his assistants—working under the supervision of the "producer"—the carpenters, property men, and particularly the electrician and his men, are harassed and overworked to the limit of human endurance. The actors are all nerves.

Sunday night sees the dress rehearsal, and by that time the author, whose script has been cut all to pieces, is convinced his play hasn't a chance. He feels still worse, if that is possible, when the rehearsal is over—somewhere in the small hours of the morning—and refuses to be comforted.

Only one person connected with the enterprise is calm—outwardly, at least. That is the manager. He has many thousands of dollars invested in the play, and its success or failure will mean a great deal to him. But he has more or less of the gambler's temperament, or he wouldn't be a producing manager. So he chews a cigar and says nothing. But he is busy. It is he who on Monday quietly makes suggestions to the "producer" that are always sound; who meets the mayor, the chief of police, (*Continued on page 87*)

Copyright Moffett EVA LEONARD BOYNE
Seen as Dora Delaney in G. B. Shaw's "Fanny's First Play"

Photo Strauss-Peyton GENEVIEVE HAMPER (MRS. ROBERT MANTELL) AS OPHELIA IN "HAMLET"

How a Child Became a Tragedienne

ONE of the greatest surprises of recent seasons was the acting of little Viola Dana in "The Poor Little Rich Girl." As everyone knows, she made this remarkable success at the age of fifteen, revealing an extraordinary insight of tragic feeling.

Viola Dana is so tall and well developed for her age that a great many people do not believe that she is a child, yet down in the Gerry Society's office every Thursday afternoon of every week during her long engagement at the Hudson Theatre she was registered, and a special permit had to be issued for her performance of the week following. Furthermore, anyone who has met Viola knows that she is a child, knows it by what she thinks and what she likes.

And yet, behind all this natural expression of her tender years, one senses the spiritual quality, the poetic instinct for every expression of those youthful years. In the case of Viola Dana, Nature seems to have specialized. In the theatre, where she has appeared professionally since she was five years old, there are still illusions for her.

"At every performance," her mother said to me, "when she comes to the tragic moment of transition in the first act of the play, where she goes into the land of make-believe, she comes off the stage with her heart beating so fast that she frightens me."

"Is that really true," I asked her, "or are you just pretending to your mother?"

With wide-open eyes she looked up with surprise for a second before she spoke.

"I always feel so sorry for myself when I am playing the part. My heart begins to beat faster and faster just before the stage grows dark and I hear the thunder."

"But you know the thunder is being made by the property man in the wings?"

"Oh, no! it isn't make-believe, at least, not to me. It's like a real thunder storm, and the woods are real, and the oozy mud and the leaves."

White

VIOLA DANA

Who played the title rôle in "The Poor Little Rich Girl"

Here was a slight indication of how this little girl revealed a tragic sensibility in her work. Of course, she knows nothing in real tragic experience, but in her childlike nature is the blossom of pure delight, the joy of a little suffering, the pleasure of trying to feel as deeply as the grown-ups. When she told me, very earnestly, that she had to "feel her part," it sounded very much as though she was saying it because she had heard it said so often by grown-up actresses. Later I realized that she is not ingenuous, but on the contrary she is lacking in ingenuity. She was not quite sure of the meaning of the word spirituality. It sounded to her very much like something from the prayer book. She was thoroughly conscious, however, of the meaning of the word "feeling." Not in the sense that it is so often used by actors and actresses, but in the more real sense as it always has been in youth. Some famous tragediennes have always claimed that to interpret tragedy the artist must have real "shivers." We have all seen tragedy so badly done that it gave the audience "shivers" of a different sort, however, than was intended. What Viola Dana means when she says her heart beat fast when she came to the tragic moment of her part is the real tragic shiver of the artist. She has the temperament of keen, swift appreciation for feeling. It is often in her face when she does not put it into words.

It is customary to assume that the home life of artists is an indication of their art. This is quite as absurd as if one were to assume that any home atmosphere is essentially artistic. It isn't. It is merely restful and wholly unartificial. Viola Dana's home is not any contradiction to this fact. It is small, comfortable, a suburban house in furthermost Bronx, with some ground and trees around it. It was summer when, with the camera man, we finally reached her home. The lilacs were in bloom, the sky was blue the birds were singing; it was a beautiful day. Viola was struggling with a lawn mower in the garden. In a very short time we all went indoors, intrusively seeking information.

How had this child become a tragedienne, what were the peculiar advantages under which she had been able to foster her genius?

The whole thing, the whole artistic idea—was in the family. Two of her sisters were artists, the one only twelve years old, the elder sister, perhaps, nineteen. Her mother, red-cheeked, nervous, quick in thought and action; her father, a stolid German, domestic, unruffled by the public clamor of praise that had come upon his household. The artistic atmosphere of the home itself was in the beauty of the little tragedienne, and in her practical domestic simplicity toward her surroundings.

"You know," she said to me, "if I could only get over worrying so about things. If my little sister is out by herself, I worry myself to death till she gets back. I am always afraid she will get run over—she is such a tomboy."

"You don't worry about yourself?"

"No, I'm never worried about anything concerning myself. It is always about some one else."

It must have been a mild form of anxiety, after all, just a child's desire to suffer. As far as the attitude of everyone in her own family toward her, she had no fault to find. They were so proud of her that they were all-adoring. This, however, she very prettily parried. Her modesty toward her work and her success is very real. In a little frame on her table in her dressing-room at the theatre was a picture of her younger sister, who, by the way, is her understudy. She was showing it to me.

"I think she is a very much better actress than I am," she said.

This was a rather unusual display of generosity between artists, even if they were sisters.

But it seems to be the way of the Flugraths. They have no artistic jealousies, only a united anxiety for greater success. They do criticise one another very severely, for when Viola was rehearsing her part in the play her twelve-year-old sister frequently pointed out to her how she would speak the line, or what gesture she would make.

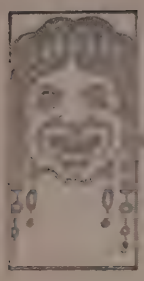
"She roasts me, too," said Viola speaking of her twelve-year-old critic, "but it's good for me, no doubt," she added, with a little shrug of amiability.

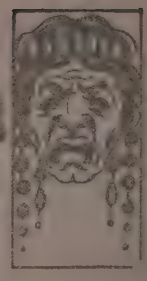
During the hours that she is away from the theatre the little tragedienne pursues her own course of happiness and recreation. Her amusements are the things that consciously or unconsciously contribute to her desire to feel truly and vividly. She is fond of reading—serious books, not novels—and when not acting herself is greatly attracted to the theatre. She is also very fond of music.

She tried very hard to succeed as a pianist, but for some mysterious reason, was not successful. So she took up the violin in

Photos White

No. 6: Miss Viola Dana





RUTH CHATTERTON
Appearing in Chicago in "Daddy Long Legs," which will open in New York early next season

place of the piano, and has become a very good violinist

"My favorite piece is Rubenstein's Melody in F," she said.

"Not the Traumerei?"

"Yes, I like that, too, but not nearly so much as I do the melody in "F."

There was no ragtime music in sight anywhere on her piano, or in the room. Naturally, there were the two songs which had been dedicated to her, inspired by her performance in "The Poor Little Rich Girl." Copies of these were on the piano, and they, too, were in the key of her artistic nature, a little melancholy, intrinsically poetic.

There is a comfortable corner in the house, which owing to the sudden evolution of Viola, the child, into Viola as a tragedienne has become exclusively hers. Curled up on this divan, she studied her part which has made her famous. And, when that study was over, she still reserved this corner in which to study other things, among them Shakespeare's Juliet. Of all the accessible characters in classic drama, which she might have selected, she prefers Juliet. And yet, she really has no understanding of the play as she reads it, beyond the fact that it gives her pleasure to read the lines aloud.

"I could never really act the part of Juliet, or get any useful conception of her," she said, "until I had rehearsed the part."

This, of course, means that having no actual living experience from which to stage her feeling, she is obliged to depend upon a stage manager's explanation of what Juliet ought to do. She is still a child, but doubtless her adaptation of Shakespeare's tragic heroine, would be something quite beyond a stage manager's suggestion. Still, she is reading Shakespeare, skimming the feeling of the great poet, and mixing it with her own—at sixteen.

While Viola Dana is not the sort of little girl to put on any airs, one perceives that she is modish in her domestic ideas. The picture taken of her in her bedroom, with the modish French nightcap, reveals this. Then, too, her little morning gown which she slips on to pour tea for her mother at the late breakfast is very suggestive of the grown-up. Still, Viola Dana is only within a year or two of complete womanhood, and if it wasn't for the sincerity of her child nature, there would be nothing unusual in these little indications.

Nothing in her conversation, in her way of saying things, ever contradicts her real age. It is doubtful whether her ideas are really very different from other girls of her age, excepting that she expresses them with more assurance because of her experience in facing large audiences. She is inclined to philosophy, which is not an unusual trait either in young girls who have minds. And Viola undoubtedly has brains.

"You know," she said to me, "there is an impression that children like to have nonsense written for them. It isn't true at all. I should say that children are usually more serious than older people, because they are just beginning life; now I think that is a very serious thing, don't you?"

"Many grown-ups think so," said the writer.

"Just because I wear short dresses, and my hair in long curls, doesn't mean that I can't talk to gray-haired people intelligently. I don't believe in children's plays. They like all sorts of plays, and then, they are moody just like other people. I don't think they are fond of clowns and funny things on the stage more than they are of sad or serious things. I never cared for a fairy play at all. I never cared to read fairy stories, because they seemed to me so very impossible. You know, dolls and fairies and all those sort of amusements for children are forced upon them. They just pretend to like them, because they have to.

"And then, children pretend a great many other things, the older they get the more serious they become, the more anxious they are to see the really true things, not the just pretend. I can remember when I was a little child I never cared to play foolish little games with other children. I used to like to make mud pies, but I never cared for dolls. in fact, I never cared to be with children at all very much.'

"Why not?"

"Well, children argue so, and I hate disputes of any kind. I much prefer being with older people, because I was always anxious to know about a lot of things that they could tell me. One thing I just had to have, and that was lots of petting from my mother. I can never get enough affection from her. Don't you think children need a great deal of affection, much more than they need fairy stories or dolls."

"Do you feel sorry for children who don't get a great deal of love?"

"Yes, I do, though I don't think there are very many of them. I am going to let my own children do just as they like. I am never going to scold them, and I am never going to take them to see fairy plays that they don't want to see. My own life, in a way, has been to pretend I was grown up. I never wanted to be a little child. Almost as soon as I could walk I used to put on long train dresses and pretend I was an actress. Oh, yes, I always had an ambition to go on the stage. From the time I became a child actress I lost all interest in playing with children. It may be because they used to worry me so. They used to call after me, 'actress—actress,' but, of course, that was because they didn't know anything about an actress. However, it would make me angry and lead to disputes, so I made up my mind that I would keep away from children.

"The most beautiful part of my life, so far, has been with my mother. I still have to be petted by her all the time or I feel neglected. The principal pleasure I find in earning money is to save some of it so as to take care of my father and mother in their very old age. I am quite sure

(*Continued on page* 86)

Failure of American Producer

(Continued from page 71)

simple, and adaptable to every sort of play; but, as a rule, they are conceived pictorially rather than decoratively, and are applicable to such mixed productions as opera rather than to pure drama—and so are less important to the progress of American dramatic art as a whole. They are comparable to the setting for "Boris Godunoff," by the Russian artist Golovine, imported for the Metropolitan Opera House, New York; they mark the highest achievement in the old-style pictorial background. In the commercial theatre, too, we have had occasionally such fine examples of the new stage art as the Reinhardt production of "Sumurun"; but they hardly deserve mention in an essay on the American producer, since plays and settings were imported complete from Europe. "The Yellow Jacket" was the exceedingly rare exception to the average rule: a drama conceived poetically and staged suggestively by Americans. It was a thing of great imaginative beauty—one of those fine flashes of genius that sometimes suddenly illumine the dark periods of an art.

The American stage has outgrown the exaggeration of action and thought of melodrama, but still clings to the sensationalism of scenery and stage mechanism of the ripest melodrama days. Melodrama "insisted on the obvious"—and passed with other hollow phases of drama. But the American producer continues to pursue naturalism in setting, which is merely the accentuation of the obvious in outward material detail. So the American producer has failed ignominiously. In his perfection he has become just what his false ideals would tend to make him: the great master of unimportant detail. The next stage in dramatic progress will be the passing of the producer as we know him—and with him will go the false gods of naturalism, of commercialism, of Belascoism. We have seen how the experimental theatres and the universities are training artists to take his place. Let us hope that their success will merely be the brighter for his failure.

SHELDON CHENEY.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles

Paul J. Rainey's Hunt Pictures

People who have never hunted wild animals in Africa, and who have never seen the Paul J. Rainey African hunt motion pictures, have an exciting experience awaiting them at the Casino. The pictures begin with most fascinating views of many animals gathered about the water holes, which are the refreshment and promenade places of the desert. Ungainly giraffes stalk about and straddle the holes to bend their long necks for a drink. Later the spectator finds himself in the midst of herds of wild buffaloes, pictures taken at tremendous risk. Views are also given of the various species of deer and gazelles, in which interest in the animals cannot entirely blot out appreciation of the extreme skill with which these pictures have been taken under most difficult conditions of light and heat and of the artistic effect of their composition.

New Columbia Records

The big star at the head of the list of new Columbia recordings for August is Ottilie Metzger, the famous contralto of the Hamburg Opera. For her first double disc she has sung "Ah, Mon Fils" from "The Prophet," and "Amour Viens Aider" from "Samson & Delilah."

The latest addition of college music comes from Williams. The Glee Club of that college has sung "The Mountains," and on the reverse side of the disc are "The Royal Purple" and "Come, Fill Your Glasses," played by the Mandolin Club of the same college.

Carolina White is recorded in a Tosti double-disc, "Serenata" on one side and "L'Ultima Canzone" on the other. These are two of the best, and at the same time the most hackneyed, of Tosti's many celebrated songs, and Madame White's recording of the "Serenata" is particularly noteworthy.

The cause of opera in English is again advanced by a double-disc sung by Louis Kreidler, of the Century Opera Company of New York. Both of his selections are from the old Italian school, comprising as they do "Tempest of the Heart," from "Il Trovatore," and "'Tis Thou Hast Sullied," from "Un Ballo In Maschera."

Dance music is inevitably an important feature on the list. This month sees the first dance music recordings made by Joan Sawyer's Persian Orchestra, who have played the "Joan Waltz" and Bregeiro," a real Brazilian Mattchiche, for the benefit of talking machine owners. *Advt.*

Vessella listening to the music of his own band
Hearing Vessella's Band on the Steel Pier at Atlantic City or hearing it on the Victrola—it is all the same.
The Victrola brings into your home the music played by Vessella's Band, Sousa's Band, Pryor's Band, Victor Herbert's Orchestra, Conway's Band, U. S. Marine Band, and other celebrated organizations, just as they play at the noted summer resorts and places of amusement.
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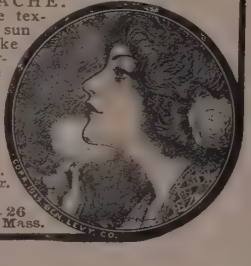

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THE PRESS AGENT

(*Continued from page 78*)

"It, of course, is not to be imagined that one sees even the promise of the day when the theatre is to be given over as merely the place for the exhibition of bits of pleasantry, or when less nefarious duties hold dominant sway, as the time when the world's stage shall, consequently, present more happiness, fewer tragedies in the struggle of the great duty of charity and justice against all others."

This man has since gone into the ministry and one can easily see how this calling must become him. As contrasted with his mystic phrases that resound splendidly without parting with their meaning, observe the brief and graphic wit of the press agent of a Coney Island vaudeville house:

"Henderson's third week program should push the ocean hard for attractiveness."

Surely nothing can equal the blitheness of the genuine publicity man's lingo. It is quite the brightest feature of the Lane that is called The Great White. Quite as bright, in fact, as the figure that he cuts as he comes glimmering down Broadway with a bonny smile and a nasal complexion certainly not born to blush unseen. As for the newspaper men he chances to meet, whether they ask him for a match or a seat for one of his "shows," it's always,

"Certainly, my dear fellow, command me."

In spite of which they attack him, behind his back, as it were, in print. Yet he "cavorts, pirouettes, sings, dances and laughs" along the way despite the bruises he inflicts on the eardrums and eyeballs of the linguistically chaste. After all, as someone has said, "joy is a cruel thing."

CECIL I. DORRIAN.

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A Child Became a Tragedienne

(*Continued from page 84*)

the time will come when my father will not be able to work; then I want to take care of him. Goodness knows he's had trouble enough with me. No, I don't believe that grown-ups always understand children.

"For instance, children are terribly fond of poetry. Not just nonsense verses, foolish little rhymes, but real poetry, about love, and hate, and revenge, and all the big things that the grown-ups talk about so widely. Then, too, children are very fond of pretty clothes. Often I have gone to the theatre just to see what the actresses were wearing, to see what the fashions were. I always prefer a play that has a beautiful love story. Children understand those plays sometimes much better than the grown-ups, who have become tired of such things. I am quite sure all children like heroes, and they hate villains. Anything that will make me feel, not make me cry, but make me dream, I just love to see. I think, too, I like to cry sometimes, just as grown-up people do.

"There is nothing in the world, I believe, that children like better, than to be treated as if they were not children. I was always made to believe that I could understand everything that was talked about, even when I was a very little child. Then, too, children have ambition, just like grown-ups. I know I had my ambitions, and everything I could read about the stage, all the pictures I could see of plays and actresses, were a delight to me. Another thing, I was never asked to behave like a child, I was just allowed to say and do and feel as I pleased."

This summary of many talks with Viola Dana, off guard talks, is an interesting brief of her case as she is to-day, a child tragedienne. To-morrow, she will have grown up, and her interviews will probably be full of her ideas of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Shakespeare, and the French dramatists. She will be telling us all about emotions, and magnetism, and all the other "isms of the actresse célèbre. Therefore, this little page, torn from her childhood, may be something worth while, some day, to look back to.

Riesenfeld Engaged for the Century

Sargent Aborn, one of the two general managers of the Century Opera Company, has completed arrangement for the services of Mr. Hugo Riesenfeld as concert master at the Century Opera House for the coming season.

Mr. Riesenfeld was formerly concert master at the Metropolitan Opera House under Conried, and filled the same position for four years at the Manhattan Opera House.

Trying it on the Dog

(Continued from page 80)

the head of the fire department, and other municipal officials in his spare moments, who writes a score or so of "passes" for people whom he knows in the city—for the successful manager is cosmopolitan or nothing—and who keeps a sharp eye on the "publicity" work done by the B. M.

It is the manager who causes the B. M. to make much of the fact that Miss Eva Peachblow, the ingenue, is a native of this city, and that she is delighted with the opportunity to appear in her "home town." An appeal to "local pride" is always a good advertising asset. As for Miss Peachblow, she is rather embarrassed to find herself of so much importance all at once. Her part is a small one, and until it became known that the opening would take place in the particular "dog town" which gave her birth, nobody noticed her particularly. But it is different now. There is no question that Miss Peachblow's name has helped the box-office sale. Her friends will be at the opening in force.

Evening comes and the manager, to say nothing of the indefatigable B. M., is pleased to see a full house. Two or three representatives of New York papers are there—for the production is an important one—and the local critics are all in their places, including Snapper, who, while he cannot forgive the absence of Smith, is prepared to watch the performance with open mind.

When the curtain falls on the first of the three acts, there is enough applause to warrant a second curtain, but the manager feels that the fate of the play still hangs in the balance. He stands in the lobby to catch the expressions of the few who go out between the acts, but cannot decide from them what the general opinion may be. Some are lukewarm, a few favorable, and an equal number the other way. He goes back to the stage.

"Going splendidly," says the perspiring "producer." "We've got 'em. But this next act will cinch it. You just wait."

The people on the stage are always more hopeful after the first act of a new piece in a "dog town" than the manager who has seen it from the front. Why this is has never been fully explained. But the fact remains.

Up goes the curtain for the second act. Fortunately, this is the strongest of the three, and when it is over, the thunders of applause convince the manager that he really has a "winner." Again and again the curtain goes up and down, and then an usher runs tearing down the aisle to the footlights with the flowers. There is a bouquet for the leading woman and a large floral horseshoe for Miss Peachblow. Ordinarily, the former would resent the giving of a larger and more expensive floral piece to a subordinate than she gets herself. But it is understood in a "dog town" that the local member of the company is generally recognized in this way, and Miss Peachblow is congratulated by everybody on the stage afterward, with none more effusive than the leading woman. It is the little ingenue's one big night. She may never have such another as long as she lives.

The third act is all right, and off rush the New York newspaper men to wire their papers that the piece has made a hit, while the regular correspondents who live in the town content themselves with stating that the play was performed, and offer no opinion of its merits. The New York critics will attend to that when the piece is given on Broadway. Seldom is an outside correspondent permitted to infringe on their province.

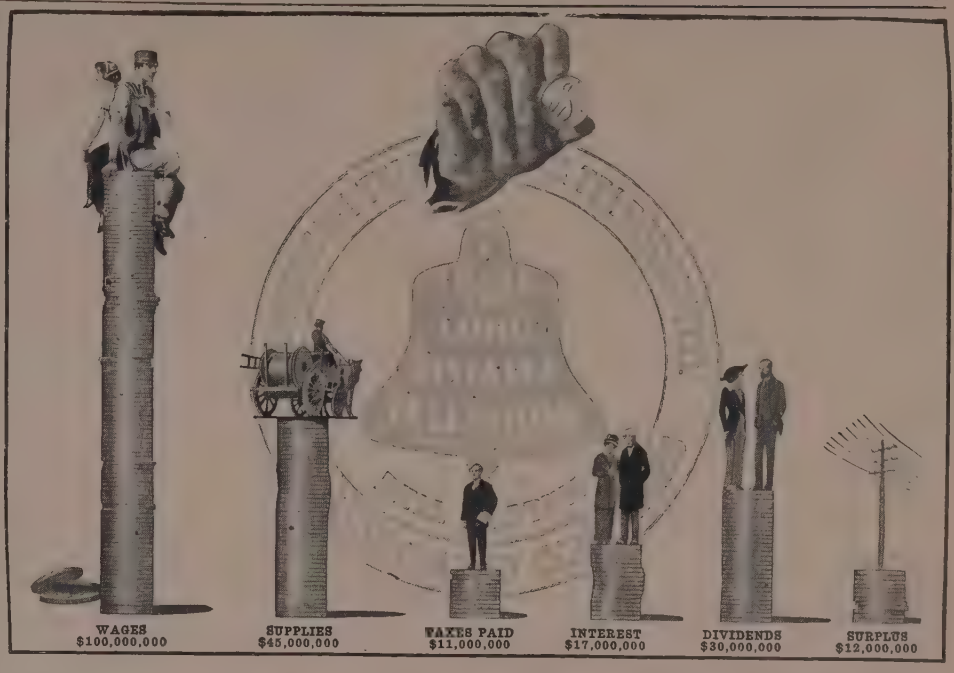
Snapper goes to his office and writes an exhaustive review, generally favorable, but with the slight misgiving that Jones, in the leading part, is hardly as strong as he should be. Snapper is thinking of Smith.

The manager sits up half the night with the "producer," the B. M., and others of his staff, and decides that they will have to play a couple of weeks on the road, with daily rehearsals, before he will venture to take the new work into New York. Fortunately, he has the theatre there when he wants to take possession.

But the strain is off now. They have tried the piece on the "dog," and that discriminating animal has enjoyed it and licked the plate for more.

GEORGE C. JENKS.

A. H. Woods will make his first New York production of the season on Thursday, August 6th, when he will present Douglas Fairbanks in "He Comes Up Smiling," a dramatization of Charles Sherman's novel of the same name. This will be the first dramatic production to be made at the Republic since Mr. Woods took over the lease of that theatre. "He Comes Up Smiling" is a comedy by Byron Ongley and Emil Nyitray, the authors of "The Typhoon."



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Max Geisler Bird Co., Dept. I-4, Omaha, Neb.

Bind Your Numbers of the
THEATRE MAGAZINE
See page 89 for particulars

The Real Richard Mansfield

(*Continued from page 62*)

For this reason he would not, during a performanme, allow a tall man to stand near him on the stage; thereby avoiding his appearing short in comparison. He was a thorough master of all the "tricks" of the business from A to Z. Furthermore he well knew his power from a business standpoint. If the theatrical potentates who controlled the different theatres throughout the country would not come to Mansfield's terms, he would declare himself in stentorian voice, to the fact that he didn't have to play in their theatres and that he could "pack them in" in any white-washed barn, which undoubtedly was true. To this day, when a member of a company becomes arrogant and expostulates vociferously, the other members of the company will comment that the particular one is trying "to pull the Mansfield stuff." Several years have now elapsed since he passed beyond the great divide, but no star has yet been able to take his place in the affection of the American theatregoers.

PAUL T. CASE.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
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PITY THE BROTHER

(*Continued from page 67*)

still younger brother, Marshall Farnum, is practically lost sight of, with two brothers ahead of him. E. M. Holland's fame was dimmed by that of Joseph and George Holland. Flo Irwin once told me that the most terrifying criticism a newspaper could give her would be to add that "she is a sister of May Irwin."

Harry B. Smith has his brother help him out writing lyrics and books for musical plays, but brother remains unknown to an extent, while Harry B. is known as the most prolific of his clan. Blanche Ring corresponds to the "famous brother" in her family, Julie, Frances and her younger brother never having had anything like her popularity. Ada Rehan became so famous that her brother changed his name. The mother of Elsie Janis has done the same thing.

Sometimes the name of another famous relative seems to be beneficial, but is rarely so in the case of the brother. Mrs. Fiske, aunt of Emily Stevens, has quite likely been an inspiration and help to the younger actress. Often husband helps wife along the thorny road to success, or wife helps husband, as for instance, E. H. Sothern who has gained in popularity since he became the husband of Julia Marlowe; Julie Opp, who was not conspicuous as an actress until she became the wife of William Faversham; Marie Booth Russell, late wife of Robert Mantell, who might never have undertaken Shakesperean rôles but for the encouragement and inspiration she received from him. Julia Dean has attracted attention in certain quarters where her aunt of the same name was famous, before she had the opportunity to prove her own merits.

Famous fathers have discouraged their sons, when they expressed a desire to follow similar professions and arts, acting mothers have begged of their children to keep away from the stage, although they often did so to test them and to see if they really wanted the theatre; grand parents and aunts and uncles are not usually considered a "help" to the youngster who wants to try his wings; but none of them may be ranked with the brother who arrives in the world first and reaches the high rungs of the ladder before his brothers and sisters begin to climb. Paraphrasing a "joke" from the Varieties:

Stranger: It must be very hard to lose a famous brother.

Brother: Yes, it's almost impossible.

ARCHIE BELL.

According to a cable received in New York from William Faversham, who is in Lucerne, Switzerland, Mrs. Faversham (Julie Opp) has entirely recovered from her illness, which was at first pronounced tuberculosis.

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London Applauds, Etc.

(Continued from page 74)

his vaudeville brother has revolutionized matters in the English music halls. I say English in preference to London, because the change has spread throughout the English provinces.

A little more than a year ago Melville Gideon and seven other young Americans walked into the Hippodrome one evening, and the next morning London awoke to ragtime. Since that night England lunches, dances, teas, dines and sups to its strains. The words of the songs have become intermingled with the language. Nowadays one is used to the expressions, "some," "O, you kid!" "quit," etc. London is Americanized in no uncertain fashion. The Hippodrome continued the good work with the review, "Hello, Ragtime," and completed it with "Hello, Tango," the present huge success. Just glance at the list of artistes who are Americanizing London at the Hippodrome. Ethel Levy, the idol of London; Shirley Kellogg, and Frank Tinney. In addition, Lew Hearn, Bonita and Willie Solar have all done their best to teach London to get a move on.

At the Alhambra, Teddie Gerrard, Lee White and Eileen Molyneux are helping to keep the Stars and Stripes flying. The Hippodrome and the Alhambra keep up an endless warfare; each tries to outdo the other with American scenic effects. The Giant Staircase, from the New York Winter Garden, was put into three London reviews within a week.

The Strand these days resembles Broadway: artiste meets artiste, and barmen get busy mixing gin slings and Bronx cocktails.

Alfred Butt, of the Palace and Empire theatres, believes in American artistes. At the former house Elsie Janis is the bright particular star. Nora Bayes strolled into London the other day and was snapped up quickly by Butt for the "Merry-Go-Round," the new review at the Empire.

Shirley Kellogg's husband, Alfred de Courville, is in the States looking for novelties for the next Hippodrome show, so there is apparently not to be a lack of Americanism next fall. And, of course, mention must be made of the Anglo-American Exhibition at the White City, which is full of Coney Island attractions.

The manager of a London suburban vaudeville house announces an "All American" week, when every act is to be composed of American artistes. After this I should not be surprised if it becomes possible to get a glass of ice water in London.

HARRY J. GREENWALL.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
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Romance of the Super's Life

(Continued from page 76)

just cried, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" and Catesby was offering to get him one, when down those supers swooped upon them. The mess they did make of poor Richard! There was hardly enough of his royal outfit left for him to go on in and be killed in the next scene!

One of the easiest stage crowds to handle is that for a procession, as in "Aida," in which two hundred men usually take part. Among the most difficult to get to work properly are those used for spectacular effect, as in the "Fall of Rome," "Nero" and "Julius Cæsar," where four hundred men have to be made do something out of their ordinary experience. All the time each of them is bothering himself over the belief that the uniform which would fit him best is being worn by some other fellow. But in Maude Adams' "Joan of Arc" at Harvard I had 2,360 men and they went through the performance without a hitch.

But of all the purposes of a stage mob, the most interesting is that where it has to be so used as to make the audience become part of the crowd. This is by no means easy to do successfully. If your supers don't work good and hearty they will muff it badly. One of the best recent examples of success in this was in "Midnight Sons," where I had three hundred and fifty men and women. They got the audience going in fine shape every performance and without any assistance in the front of the house itself. It was done in this case by having the supers sing. In my opinion the art of the use of a stage mob in any of its forms is far too little considered by playwrights. If it is to be used, it is an important feature; but, for the sake of the hundreds

of poor men to whom being a super temporarily gives a fresh start in life, I should be sorry to see the work go entirely to trained men or to the students of a school of acting.

Nowadays the moving picture business is providing many jobs for the supers. I am often called upon to provide a crowd at a given point in the streets, and as often send big crowds miles away into the country. I was the first to induce trained actors to act before the camera. They needed a lot of persuasion at first; but many a one has since been glad of the help given him by the five dollars earned in a day that way. I have a fear, however, that falling into the stress and competition of business may prove a grave misfortune to the simple super. There was a time when his pay was five dollars a day; now it is one dollar and fifty cents. But some of the firms are trying to pay only one dollar. I do not think a super should be paid less than one dollar and fifty cents a day, and because it makes no difference to me I can say so with all my heart and not be misunderstood. Paying men one dollar a day is nothing but making a profit out of their misfortunes. A starving man only too gladly accepts the one dollar, but such pay is likely to be his ruin. On one dollar and fifty cents a man can keep a quarter for himself and still take home enough to keep his family going. On one dollar he is likely to turn to drink, for if he spends only ten cents on himself during the day so little is left only the strong man has the courage to take it home.

In all the years I have handled the super I have found him a human being, pathetic generally, terribly pathetic, but always human; and the more I see of him the more deeply I feel that those of us who have to deal with him have a grave responsibility put upon us. We have not only to think of our shows, we must think of the men as well.

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DRAMATIC CRITICISM?

(*Continued from page 72*)

is still a turn of *mind*, and not of lack of it. And, if you are re-actionary, remember that the opposite is also true. Grant us then some capable critics on our press.

What becomes of their work? Well, they finish seeing a play at eleven—and it is unfortunate for the play if it too does not finish then—and at eleven five they are writing down their judgment. The jury system is questionable now. Imagine what it would be if every jury were compelled to reach its decision five minutes after leaving the court room. Have you ever read in your paper: "This is so interesting a piece that justice cannot be done to it within this hasty writing"—or words to that effect? They are usually followed by a promise to do justice later, after, presumably, the critic has had time to think.

What do the words and the promise mean? They mean that critical evaluation requires time for thought. They mean that, according to our present method of publishing reviews immediately after the performance, the critic can not indulge in real thought. They mean that when a play arousing thought is presented, critical justice is not given it the next day. And they imply—when the critic is content to let it go at that with the majority of plays—something, well, not complimentary to the majority of plays.

If plays are worth criticising, if critics are worth paying, is it not better to wait an extra day and then read *criticism?* Would it not be extravagance to hire an architect and employ him as a bricklayer? Is it not extravagant for a newspaper, and wasteful for the manager, and disappointing for the reader, to look for criticism and receive—what they do? If the review must appear directly after the opening, why not give the critics a head start at a "critical dress rehearsal"? It has been done at times. It should be done at all times. These rehearsals could be arranged so as not to conflict.

Then, if we want dramatic criticism, we could get it—from the critics. And we would then be able to see more clearly just who the critics are, and what, if anything, is really wrong with the institution of which now we know so little.

—— EDWARD GOODMAN.

Century to Have "Opera Talks"

Arrangements have been completed by Milton and Sargent Aborn for a series of six Sunday afternoon talks to be given, beginning in September, at the Century Opera House. These are not to be "lectures" in the strict sense, nor is the series intended to be "educational." They are planned for the entertainment of the Century Opera subscribers.

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With a Preface in Fragments from STENDHAL
Translated from the French by HENRY PÈNE DU BOIS

This is the romance in letters of a man and a woman, extremely intelligent and accustomed to analyzing themselves, as Stendhal and Paul Bourget would have them do. They achieved this improbable aim of sentimentalist love in friendship. The details of their experience are told here so sincerely, so naïvely that it is evident the letters are published here as they were written, and they were not written for publication. They are full of intimate details of family life among great artists, of indiscretion about methods of literary work and musical composition. There has not been so much interest in an individual work since the time of Marie Bashkirsheff's confessions, which were not as intelligent as these.

Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro,* said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

"I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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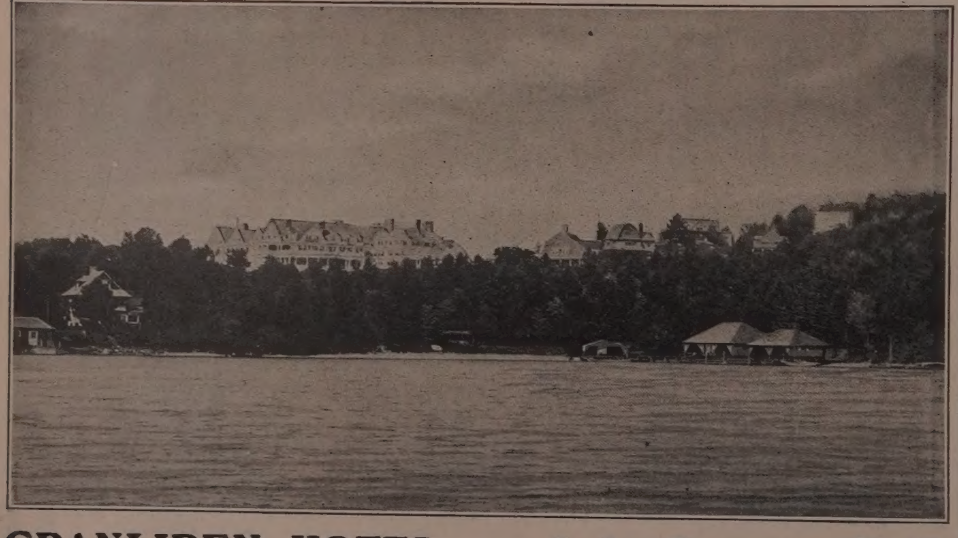

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SOME NEW BOOKS

THE POST OFFICE. By Rabindranath Tagore. The Macmillan Co., N. Y. $1.00.

The latest of a number of books, and the second play, by "Rabindranath Tagore," published in English, is "The Post Office." Its author is the Nobel prize winner in literature for 1913. That this prize should have gone to India is significant, of course, of the universality, in its impressiveness of the pure and true in thought and feeling. "The Post Office" is in no sense a theatric play, only a quaint, simple little story of a boy, the adopted son of a rich man who is fond of him and so solicitous about his welfare that he forbids him to leave the house. The boy's health would seem to require this care. The boy longs to get out in the world, and he envies the free passers-by. It is in his talks with these various characters that we have an action, which has in it more of yearning and mysticism than in actual doing. The Postman, in answering the many questions, humors the boy and tells him that he will get a letter from the King. A little girl to whom he has talked comes with a gift of flowers. The Doctor says the flowers will be given to him when he awakes. The boy has received his letter from the King.

THE DRAMA TO-DAY. By Charlton Andrews. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. $1.50.

This volume serves a very useful purpose as an introduction to the study of the stage of the day or, on the other hand, of a book of reference to him who is familiar with it. The index lists something more than three hundred plays, and of most of these plays the author makes a brief estimate. He writes with fairness, with an occasional opinion which does not agree with the popular one. The book being a brief compendium, naturally there is no room for much discussion. In small compass, however, accurate general information as to the leaders of the modern stage and their work and as to the tendencies of dramatic art and our day is given.

NOWADAYS. By George Middleton. Henry Holt & Co., N. Y. $1.00.

Mr. Middleton's work is characterized by refinement, both of feeling and of literary style. It is not meant that his plays have a literary merit that is superior to the dramatic, for a certain kind of literary merit in dialogue would be wholly inconsistent with the dramatic. Literary affectation or literary form would be ineffective in a drama with dialogue in the conditions of every day life. The play itself is distinctly in the support of the feminist movement for economic independence. A mother who has sacrificed her own ambitions and left unemployed her marked artistic talents in giving everything to home and husband sympathizes and secretly assists her daughter, who is determined to have her own way and to be independent in marriage. The daughter succeeds both in art and in sentiment, in business and in marriage. The characterizations are good, and the play served its purpose, whatever its popular sucess might have been in performance.

Victor Records

The First Hempel-Amato Duet. Traviata—*Dite alla giovine* (*Say to Thy Daughter*).

McCormack and Kreisler Give the Vocal Arrangement of the Popular "Intermezzo." Ave Maria (*Adapted to the "Intermezzo" from "Cavalleria Rusticana"*) (*Sacred words by F. E. Weatherly*), Mascagni.

Few instrumental compositions have become so popular with all classes of people as has this beautiful intermezzo, which Mascagni wrote to divide his "Cavalleria Rusticana" into two parts. Because of the great vogue of the number, it has been set to words by the English writer, F. E. Weatherly, and makes a most impressive sacred song.

These two artists, whose duet records have been so widely circulated, give a most beautiful rendition of this effective Mascagni-Weatherly

Margarete Ober Secured by the Victor.

The engagement by the Metropolitan of this accomplished actist from the Berlin Opera has been a most notable one, as her triumphs as Brangaene, Ortrud, Mariana, Amneris and Octavia have been complete.

Gioconda—*Stella del marinar*—Ponchielli.

Amato Sings the Brilliant Serenade from "Jewels of the Madonna" (with Metropolitan Opera Chorus).

This number is one of the gems of the opera, and it is brilliantly sung by Signor Amato, with an effective accompaniment by a male chorus. The record is a particularly attractive one and should be in every collection. *Advt.*

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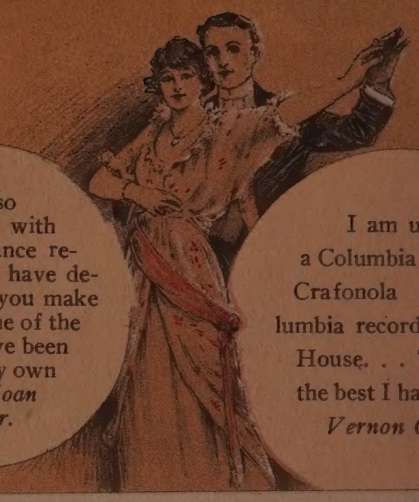

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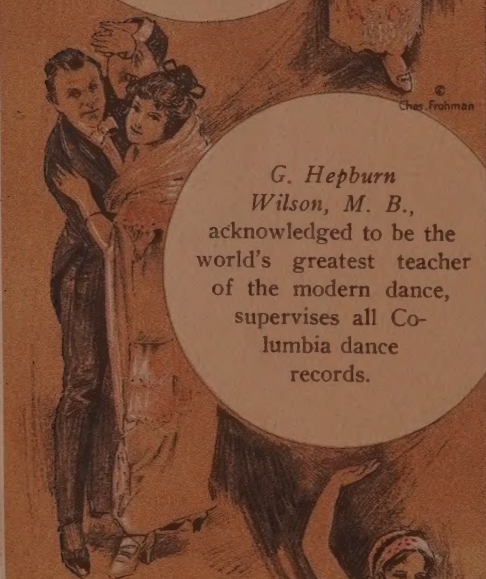

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